



L I T E R A R Y *Cavalcade*

A MONTHLY FOR ENGLISH CLASSES PUBLISHED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES



One to Make Ready • A Photograph by Maxwell Frederic Coplan

APRIL, 1951 • VOLUME 3 • NUMBER 7

LITERARY CAVALCADE, a Magazine for High School English Classes Published Monthly During the School Year. One of the SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES.


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Topics for Discussion

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His quick way with a knife makes the other men suspicious and wary of Anton, whereas Stan becomes his friend. Why? Is Stan's trust in Anton justified? Explain. Does Stan's clean courage in a fight have anything to do with the change in Anton? Give reasons for your answer.

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What materials does Lawrence have to work with during the emergency operation? What kind of assistance does he have? Would you say that the problem presents an almost impossible challenge to an inexperienced man? How does Lawrence get the courage to perform the operation and to perform it successfully?

Describe the relationship between Doneger and Constantini. Describe the effect of Lawrence's achievement upon the two boys. Does Lawrence remind you of anyone else—real or fictional? Explain. Does war have a special way of testing a man's courage and faith? Give reasons for your answer.

3. Goodbye, My Fancy (p. 18)

What has Agatha Reed learned from her experiences on the war fronts of Europe? Describe the situation she finds at Good Hope when she returns after 20 years' absence. What sort of men are Dr. Pitt and Claude Griswold? What,

tough-minded and courageous woman? Why or why not?

Suggested Activities

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Write an original ballad about (a) a pet of your own or (b) a fabulous animal like Macavity.

5. "Young Voices" (p. 14)

Write

(a) a short short mystery or detective story in which an exciting and ominous sequence of events leads up to a comic surprise ending;

(b) a prose satire on somebody or something that's been taken pretty seriously. Suggestions: modern art or music, a hero whose heroism was just a series of lucky (or unlucky) accidents, self-improvement courses, superstitions, child psychology, family trees—yourself;

(c) a heroic poem in blank verse, rhyming couplets, or ode form about something or someone who's commonplace *only on the surface*.

it funny if you like! How would these modern two have faced up to a problem similar to that of Shakespeare's "star-crossed lovers"?

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(a) Write a 500-word essay telling how, in your opinion, American education in general can be kept free, honest, and realistic.

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LITERARY CAVALCADE's "AWARDS ANNUAL" NEXT ISSUE

The May LITERARY CAVALCADE will be the Scholastic Awards Annual Issue and will present the work of many of the awards-winners in the 1951 Scholastic Writing Awards and Scholastic Art Awards. Teachers and students desiring extra copies of this special issue may order them at 25 cents each. Please send remittance with order to LITERARY CAVALCADE, 351 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. The "Awards Annual" issue will be mailed about a week later than the usual monthly issues.

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One-Period Lesson Plan

"Faith Knows No Fear"

Aim

To show pupils that wonderful things are accomplished by faith in an ideal, in oneself, in someone else.

Motivation

Does faith ever accomplish what a purely practical man would call impossible? Is there an incident in *your* life that illustrates the point?

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respectively, are their opinions on the function of education in America? Which is better qualified to offer an opinion? Why?

Describe the changes that 20 years at Good Hope have made in Dr. Merrill. Has his daughter altogether lost faith in him? Does Agatha now? Explain. Is their faith justified at the end of the screenplay? How?

Do you go along with Griswold's opinion that Agatha is an *unusually* tough-minded and courageous woman? Why or why not?

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6. Romeo and Juliet (p. 16)

- Taking your cue from the scenes in this picture essay, get a group of classmates to join you in reading selections from *Romeo and Juliet*. As an exercise in speech control, try for a *natural* effect. Make Shakespeare's blank verse sound as much as possible like the rhythms of present-day speech;
- Romeo and Juliet were a couple of teen-agers too—even if they did live in medieval Italy! Write a one-act play or an assembly skit about a *modern* Romeo and Juliet with family troubles. Make it funny if you like! How would these modern two have faced up to a problem similar to that of Shakespeare's "star-crossed lovers"?

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and see what we can learn about *other* word groups of similar origin. For example: (a) *royal, regent, erect, regiment*; (b) *master, mister, magistrate*; (c) *court, courtesy, horticulture*. You have free access to the dictionaries.

Finally, I'm going to assign each student two interesting and unusual words. Your job will be to trace these words back to their origin. The "story behind the word" can make for fascinating reading!

(Note to teachers who use this activity: The activity should take the better part of a period. Any of these books on word origins will help you to work out the activity and the assignment: (a) *Pictureque Word Origins* (from Webster's New International Dictionary), G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass., 1933; (b) Joseph T. Shipley, *Dictionary of Word Origins*, The Philosophical Library, N. Y., 1945; (c) Bruce Chapman, *Why Do We Say Such Things?*, Miles-Emmett, N.Y., 1947; (d) Charles E. Funk, *Thereby Hangs a Tale*, Harper and Brothers, N. Y., 1950.)

VOCABULARY EXERCISES

On the paper you've just received, number from one to eighteen. Now imagine that each of the following items is part of a conversation between two people—you, perhaps, and someone else. The first person says something to which you, presumably, must offer an intelligent response. I'll read each comment or question slowly, emphasizing with my voice the key word. What does the word suggest to you? You have a choice of *three* responses—a, b, or c. Opposite the appropriate number on your paper, write the *letter* of the correct response. When you've finished, exchange papers with your neighbor and we'll check the right answers. Afterwards you'll be allowed about fifteen minutes to use the key words in *original* sentences.

(Note to teacher: The italicized (*i.e.*, key) words appear in this issue of *Literary Cavalcade*. A page and column reference in parentheses follows each correct answer.)

1. "Did I ever tell you about my encounter with a *puma*?"
 - a. "No! Was he wearing a nose ring and bleached elephant bones in his hair?"
 - b. "So you've been rubbing elbows with Far-Eastern royalty."
 - c. "Who won? You or the big cat?" (p. 11-1)
2. "Hal's a *veterinarian*."
 - a. "He must have led the good life to have lasted *that* long."
 - b. "I'd like to talk with him. Want to be an animal doctor myself?" (p. 12-2)
 - c. "You mean he never eats *anything* but vegetables?"
3. "I think we should do the *expedient* thing."
 - a. "So do I. But your plan is hardly suitable to the end in view." (p. 12-1)
 - b. "What's your hurry?"
 - c. "Not me. I couldn't hurt a fly."
4. "How'd you get here? By *levitation*?"
 - a. "Why not? A man in love often feels as if he's walking on air." (p. 13-1)
 - b. "Yes. A passing motorist gave me a lift."
 - c. "You know the transit company scrapped that old line two years ago."
5. "I have a most unusual friend—an Indian *fakir*."
 - a. "One of the 'untouchables,' eh?"
 - b. "What sort of tricks does he do?" (p. 13-1)
 - c. "When did he become king?"
6. "I should warn you about Connie. She's very *feline*."
 - a. "Well, she'd better not unsheath her claws to me!" (p. 13-1)
 - b. "Why doesn't she see a psychiatrist?"
 - c. "Most women talk too much."
7. "Pierre is famed for his *suavity*."
 - a. "He's as smooth as silk with butter on it." (p. 13-2)
 - b. "Who's his tailor?"
 - c. "What's he got that you can't get at Howard Johnson's?"
8. "Do you sell *taraulins*?"
 - a. "Mister, we got the best gosh-darned waterproofed canvas in town." (p. 14-2)
 - b. "If two gallons are enough, I think we can take care of you."
 - c. "Soft or hard bristles?"
9. "Jane scares me to death. She's a regular *Brahmin*."
 - a. "She gets that temper from her mother."
 - b. "Wonder how *she'd* feel if people gossiped about *her*."
 - c. "I don't go for the intellectual type either." (p. 14-3)
10. "Every time I drop a hint about a new formal, Dad is completely *oblivious*."
 - a. "Maybe he's *trying* to forget." (p. 15-3)
 - b. "That's no reason for a grown-up man to get mad!"
 - c. "My father can be insufferably frank too."
11. "J. G.'s in ecstasy over my onion soup. Are you ready with the *coup de grace*?"
 - a. "What does he want with a cup of grass? He's no horse."
 - b. "But I want you to say grace!"
 - c. "And don't think it *won't* be the finishing stroke when I hit him for that raise!" (p. 20-3)
12. "Darling, that new outfit is simply *incongruous*!"
 - a. "Thanks, darling. I have a dress-maker who's a perfect gem."
 - b. "Well, I think orange and red are a lovely combination." (p. 20-3)
 - c. "It should be. I wouldn't be found dead in anything but an original."
13. "Dolores has only two interests in life—*dulces* and serenading swains."
 - a. "If she doesn't watch out she'll lose her figure *and* her suitors!" (p. 26-1)
 - b. "Why is she making her own trousseau?"
 - c. "The poor must bless her for her charity!"
14. "But what do I do with *jerky*?"
 - a. "Eat it. It's a kind of beef." (p. 26-3)
 - b. "Drink it. It's rich in minerals."
 - c. "Make blankets. It's a rough woolen material."
15. "Why the *furtive* look?"
 - a. "My brother just died."
 - b. "I just won a radio-quiz jackpot."
 - c. "I just saw Ginny Thompson, and I don't want her to see me." (p. 28-2)
16. "What a heavenly *manzanita*!"
 - a. "Do you suppose it's hand made?"
 - b. "I got the recipe from my grandmother."
 - c. "You should see it when it's in full bloom." (p. 29-1)
17. "Is my horse *cinched*?"
 - a. "Yes, but I think he'll recover."
 - b. Let me check to see whether the girth is tight enough." (p. 30-1)
 - c. "I don't think the riding master wants him to gallop today."
18. "Fran, would you be willing to give the *epilogue*?"
 - a. "I get nervous when I'm the first person onstage."
 - b. "I get nervous when I have to wait for a second-act entrance."
 - c. "I get nervous when I'm the last person onstage." ("Chucklebait"—back cover, col. 2)

Answers to

"What Do You Remember?"

The New Man: a-3, b-2, c-3, d-1.
Training the Big Cats: 1-F, 2-F, 3-T, 4-T, 5-T, 6-F.
Goodbye, My Fancy: a-3, b-2, c-4, d-6, e-5.



Illustration by Emerson Barron

BY FREDERICK LAING

There was no way for Stan to know it . . .

but Anton had never forgotten their first fight

THE NEW MAN

WHEN Stan saw this fellow the road boss had hired to work with him, he figured he was in for trouble. He was only thinking of the job. Dragging that heavy screed over wet concrete needed two strong guys, not just one.

"This here's Anton," the big, easy-talking foreman said. "He don't speak much English. He thinks he can handle his end of a screed. I want to give him a chance."

Anton looked as though he had just come off the boat. Things must have been tough where he had come from. His cheeks curved in instead of out. He wore a frayed and faded striped shirt, and much-mended, greasy black pants. He was as tall as Stan, but he sure weighed less, and Stan looked at him twice before he realized Anton was just a young guy, like himself.

Only Anton's dark eyes looked fully alive. They were quick and shiny. His eyes said, "You better not try to kick me around," and they said, "I want to be friends."

The foreman called John Broda over from the concrete mixer to explain in Anton's language what had to be done. Stan understood a word here and there. His father still spoke the language once in a while. His father's name wasn't really Stanley, it was Stanislaus. He had settled in this fertile valley when he was Anton's age, and probably for the same reasons, because things were tough where he had come from, and because the valley and the rolling hills were so



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Frederick Laing believes that a writer should put his background to use. "For serious writing," he says, "really serious writing, use only the material you actually know, something out of your experience."

Mr. Laing, who is 40, grew up in Cumberland, Md., and went to school at the New York Military Academy at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, where he captained the boxing team. At 20 he took a job with a clock company and at 23 was made advertising manager. A year later he became promotion manager for a large grocery chain. His next job was

writing copy for the advertising firm of Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborne. There he began writing fiction on the side and after selling a few stories took a fling at free-lance writing.

His first novel, *Six Seconds a Year*, dealt with the clock business. It was published in 1938 by Thomas Y. Crowell and received wide critical acclaim. He is at work on a second novel.

We asked Mr. Laing where he got the idea for "The New Man." "One weekend," he explained, "I was sitting around swapping stories with people. Somebody told an incident, just a fragment, and I made a story out of it. However, as youngsters my brother and I had worked with a road gang in Maryland. I combined the incident with my own experience and there was the story."

much like the kind of country he had called home.

John Broda was explaining to Anton. They were adding a strip to the highway and had to lay concrete over a base of crushed stone. It would pour out of the mixer like lumpy dough while a couple of guys in hip-length boots followed the mixer and distributed the stuff with shovels. Then the heavy screed, with a man dragging each end, would make it smooth.

You had to keep that screed moving at a steady pace or somebody would holler, and you and your partner had to move together, because if one was slower, he was going to have a lot of concrete shoved over to his side, and then dragging the screed would be twice as hard for him.

Stan wondered if Broda had explained it that way. Broda gave Anton a slap on the shoulder and went back to the concrete mixer.

Then the trouble started. Anton just didn't have enough meat on him to move that screed the way it had to be moved. The stuff piled up in a lumpy pyramid at his end. Guys hollered. And after a while Anton was glaring across the screed as though he thought Stan was doing this to him on purpose.

Suddenly Anton let go of the screed with a howl and leaped over it. He got Stan by the throat. Stan put the heel of his palm under Anton's chin and shoved him over backward. Anton got up and launched a kick and Stan turned and grabbed him by the foot, and he went down again. The fight looked ridiculous and Anton got to one knee, surrounded by the other men, all laughing.

He must have hated their laughter. His hand went into his pocket and when he started for Stan again, he had an open knife.

The guys dropped their shovels then and jumped him. They held him until he cooled off.

"Boy, they must fight dirty where you come from!" one of them said. Anton didn't understand.

John Broda took up for him. "A lot of dirty things happened to his home town." And after the noon whistle, Stan heard Broda giving Anton a talk on what you didn't do here when you got into a fight. . . .

Anton managed somehow to hold the job. His work even improved. And on Monday after the first payday, he showed up with an outfit like Stan's—dungarees, navy-blue shirt, and the same kind of cotton cap with a long peaked visor.

That morning as they were working, Anton gave the screed a sudden tug and piled the mixture on Stan's side. Stan wondered how he'd got so strong all of a sudden. He said, "Holy cow!"

"Holy cow!" Anton repeated with a wolfish grin.

Later he asked Broda what it meant, and from then on everything was holy cow. Broda would ask, "How ya doin', Anton?" and he'd answer, "Holy cow!"

Stan came to work on a bicycle. After a few more paydays, Anton showed up on a bike too. He tried to look casual as he parked it beside Stan's. He followed Stan home that night, and after a while they always left work together.

They got to be friends—or so Stan thought. One Saturday they stopped at a lunch wagon for a hamburger, and watched part of a fight on television. Anton became excited and waved a table knife at the television screen. Stan laughed. But one of the guys from the road job said, "I wouldn't want to be alone with that fella. Where he comes from they fight dirty."

When the prize fight was over, they went out to their bikes. A girl drove by in an open car, her blond hair stream-

ing. Stan didn't know her, but he waved and she waved back.

"American girls," Anton said. He kissed his finger tips. "Holy cow!"

"Yeah," Stan said. "Me too."

They coasted downhill and Anton pointed to the apple trees in the field near the creek. The apples were getting ripe. A streak of red showed here and there. Stan stopped by the fence and motioned Anton to follow.

They picked a couple of apples and sat down near the creek. Stan bit into his apple, but Anton took a knife and began peeling his. Stan noticed the way Anton had opened the knife with a flick of his thumb. He saw how long the blade was—nearly five inches—and the way it sliced a thin ribbon of peel. Anton wiped it on his shirt and put it back into his pocket.

They finished eating the apples. Stan threw the core at a tree across the creek and hit it. Anton hit it, too. They got up.

"Now," Anton said, "we fight."

Stan thought he must be kidding. He made a playful pass with his open hand, and Anton came in and hit him hard on the jaw.

"What the—! What's the big idea?" Stan said angrily.

"Fight!" Anton said.

"What for? What's got into you?"

Anton swung a couple of wide ones which Stan blocked easily. But he kept coming in and Stan gave him a hard left jab and a right. Anton backed away and danced around Stan in a circle, waving his fists.

It lasted about fifteen minutes, with Anton getting the worst of it. Finally as they stood facing each other and puffing, Stan thought Anton had had enough and he lowered his hands.

"You stop?" Anton asked.

"I didn't want to fight in the first place," Stan said. "What you want to go and start a fight for?"

Anton didn't answer. Maybe he didn't understand. He reached into his pocket and the knife came out. Stan's eyes flashed to the knife. He had thought he was beginning to know Anton, and that Anton was beginning to understand a few things, too. Anton flicked his thumb and the sharp blade gleamed in the sun.

"One good knife," Anton said.

Stan didn't say anything. He stayed where he was.

"Cost plenty money. Good knife." Anton shook his head. And as Stan stood watching, he closed the knife. When he looked up, there was a grin on his puffed lips. "I fight clean?"

Anton turned quickly and threw the knife into the creek. Then he embarrassed Stan with a hug. And when they got back on their bikes, Anton looked battered but happy.

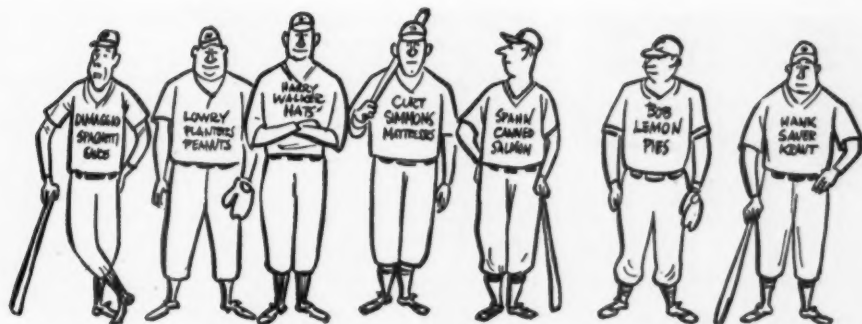


Illustration by Leo Hershfield

26

Three Men on Third

*A medley of baseball stories, some odd, some amusing,
which explains why managers get gray so young*

BY IRA L. SMITH AND H. ALLEN SMITH

SEVERAL years ago the newspapers reported that either a play or a movie was being written around a somewhat remarkable situation—the hiring of a girl pitcher by the Brooklyn Dodgers. Deponents knoweth nothing about whatever happened to the project, but deponents knoweth that the idea was not as farfetched as it sounds.

During the 1930's when the fabulous Joe Engel was boss of the Chattanooga club, the local fans never knew what to expect next from him. One day when the New York Yankees came in for an exhibition game, Engel suddenly startled the whole baseball world by sending in a girl pitcher, and be-dogged if she didn't fan both Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig.

There is even an instance in which a girl took a turn at bat in a regular major-league game. The Cardinals were playing at Cincinnati on the last day of July in 1935. Thirty thousand spectators were jammed into a park with seating facilities for twenty-four thousand. The crowd overflowed onto the field and there was much confusion. Halfway through the contest the game had to be halted for fifteen minutes while the cops herded the fans back from the foul lines. During the last four innings the spectators were jammed so close to home plate that the batters had difficulty shouldering their way up to the plate.

Among the rabid fans in the mob near the plate was Miss Kitty Burke. At the beginning of the eighth inning Miss Burke engaged in some banter with Joe Medwick as he waited for his turn at

bat. She spoke disparagingly of Medwick's abilities as a hitter, and remarked with some feeling that she, Kitty Burke, could out-hit him any day in the week.

The first half of the eighth ended and it was Cincinnati's turn to bat, with Herman first up. Miss Burke was still thinking about her conversation with Medwick when Herman came through the crowd. Suddenly she reached out, grabbed the bat out of his hands, walked to the plate and faced the pitcher.

Paul Dean was on the mound for the Cardinals and if he was shocked by the sudden appearance of a female in the batter's box, he showed little evidence of it. He simply wound up and lobbed a soft one down to her. Kitty took a good cut at it for a gal, and got the wood on it, but it was a dribbler, rolling back to the pitcher. Dean snatched the ball off the turf, looked up and saw Miss Burke loping hard toward first base. He started to throw her out, then thought better of it. He concluded that the thing had gone far enough. So Miss Kitty Burke ran out her single and then, on the advice of the umpires, yanked herself from the game.

"Well," said Paul Dean afterward, "I guess that gives me a record. I'm the only big-league pitcher that a dame ever got a hit off of."

In the time when Lou Gehrig was at the peak of his magnificent career, the Yankees found themselves one afternoon playing an exhibition game

with a minor-league team in a certain southern town. The kid pitcher for the bush-league team was showing surprising ability against the powerful Yanks and had gone through five innings without getting mauled.

Gehrig came to bat in the sixth and the young pitcher stared down at him for a long time before going into his windup. Then he threw one in the groove—a fast one that came right down the middle. Gehrig hit it and knocked it three blocks.

When the pitcher returned to the bench at the end of the inning his manager was waiting with a large question. "Why on earth," he demanded, "did you give him that fat one? You worked on him good before, and got him. What ailed you?"

"Well," said the young man, "it's like this. I know I'm not enough of a pitcher to ever get into the big leagues, and anyway, it won't be long till I've got to quit baseball and take over my dad's grocery business. And when I get back home I won't ever get a chance to see the big fellas in action. So when Gehrig came up to the plate, I got to thinking about it, and how I always wanted to see Lou hit one over the fence, the way him and the Babe do it, so I laid one in there for him. Now I can say I seen him do it."

One morning in 1941 readers of a certain Chicago newspaper found an exceptionally fine action picture staring out at them from the sports page. It

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was a close shot of a White Sox player sliding into third base. There was considerably more behind the picture than just that.

In the first place the runner in the picture had stolen third—a rare sort of thing in these days of powerhouse baseball. He had stolen third, moreover, at a time when he shouldn't have been up to any such shenanigans. He had been on second, with nobody out, and the steal was uncalled for, theoretically.

When the actual play occurred, Manager Jimmy Dykes was thoroughly shocked at what he was seeing. He popped out of the dugout and yelled at Mule Haas, the White Sox coach at third: "What is going on down there? You outa your mind?"

Haas, who obviously had hung out the steal sign, seemed unperturbed. As Manager Dykes came charging out to get an explanation, Haas was ready with one.

"This fella here," he said, indicating a press photographer standing a few feet away, "came up to me and says he wanted to get a good action picture, like a man sliding into third, so I just tried to help him out."

Dykes swayed slightly on his feet, in the manner of a man bereft of his faculties, and then tottered back to the bench, speechless.

It was a real good news picture.

Dan Winston, a citizen of Gotham, poked his tongue into his cheek one day in 1939 and wrote a letter to the sports editor of the *New York Times*. This is what he had to say:

"Baseball being a strictly mercenary game at best, I have been wondering what has kept the magnates from seizing upon a simple yet logical means of adding to their purses.

"The plan, though it may sound silly, is as sensible as the placing of advertisements around the walls of the ball parks. Simply sell space on the players' uniforms.

"The potentialities of the idea are unlimited. Players would be classified according to known foibles, habits, or whims. For any outstanding physical feature an advertiser undoubtedly would pay an extra royalty."

Mr. Winston's letter suggests a little game in which individual players are matched with products they might advertise on their shirts. Some samples:

Joe DiMaggio—spaghetti sauce.

Bobby Thomson—Scotch tape.

Harry Brecheen—cat rations.

Allie Reynolds—Navajo blankets.

Harry Walker—hats.

Leo Durocher—motion pictures starring Laraine Day.

Harry Lowrey—Planters Peanuts.

Marty Marion—canned octopus meat.

Stan Musial—a book, *The Cardinal*.

Bill (Swish) Nicholson—mouth wash.

Phil Rizzuto—motor scooters.

Hank Sauer—kraut.

Enos Slaughter—country-cured hams.

Ted Williams—a lady's chemise, or shift.

Ewell Blackwell—riding crops.

Willie Jones—plum puddin'.

Bob Lemon—meringue pie.

Hal Newhouser—prefabricated dwellings.

Curt Simmons—mattresses.

Warren Spahn—canned salmon.

You take it from there. Or leave it lay, if you prefer.

A character called "Hatpin Mary" arose to fair prominence around the wrestling arenas of New York, largely through the instrumentality of Dennis James, the television sportcaster. This lovely lady acquired her nickname from the fact that she sometimes climbed halfway into the ring and, using a hatpin, stabbed a wrestler she hated.

There was a time, long ago, when it wouldn't have been strange if the sporting-goods stores had started stocking hatpins as articles of standard athletic equipment. They were used quite extensively in baseball.

The two most prominent hatpin strategists were Harry O'Hagen and Red Andreas.

O'Hagen developed his technique when he was first baseman for Waterbury in the Connecticut State League. For quite a period O'Hagen had a record of catching more runners off first base than was reasonable. He had a hatpin fastened in his glove, with the point protruding at one side. By flicking a finger he was able to draw the point back into concealment an instant after it had done its work. The pitcher would throw to first. The base runner would dive or slide back to the bag. As his foot or hand made contact with the base, O'Hagen would flick him with the glove, giving him a light stab. The foot or the hand would recoil, naturally, away from the bag, and O'Hagen would quickly slap the ball on the runner for an out. He got away with it for a surprising length of time and then the officials caught on and ordered him to desist, under pain of getting his block knocked off.

Red Andreas was manager of the Sioux City team many years ago, and among the problems he had to face, whenever he took his team to Denver, was the rude behavior of the Denver third baseman, named Lee "Bird Dog" Quillen. (Quillen was called "Bird Dog" for the reason that one day on a

hunting trip he had shot his own dog, mistaking it for a partridge.) Quillen had developed a technique of giving the hip to base runners as they rounded third, throwing them off stride and slowing them down in their progress toward home plate. Red Andreas decided to fight fire with fire.

During fielding practice Andreas concealed a hatpin beneath second base. He then told his players what he had done, and gave them their instructions. When one of them arrived on second, he was to call time and pretend to tie a shoelace; actually he was to snaffle the hatpin from under the bag. After that if the runner got a chance to try for home, he was to have the hatpin ready as he rounded third and when "Bird Dog" Quillen tried to bump him, he was to jab that hatpin into the third baseman—up to the hilt if need be. All during one game Bird Dog Quillen was subjected to the indignity of the hatpin. In the end he decided he would use his hips in the future only for sitting down.

Superstition is on the wane among ballplayers today, according to some observers, probably because so many of the kids coming up have been recruited from colleges and high schools. Many of these youngsters, however, exposed to the influences of the older men, soon acquire at least some of the cabalistic beliefs that have gone with ballplaying for so long.

The superstitions practiced by ballplayers on the diamond are but a small part of their traffic with charms and countercharms. A player in a batting slump spends all his waking hours devising little enchantments against the evil that has come upon him. Stan Musial, the great Cardinal hitter, has breakfast superstitions. When he gets into a slump, he tries reversing the order in which he eats the various items that make up his morning meal. Perhaps he'll hold off on his cereal until he's eaten one egg, then he'll eat the cereal and after that the other egg, and so on.

There are, too, a host of superstitions concerned with clothing. Bobo Newsum, arriving in the clubhouse before a game, always took his socks off in a certain fashion, swinging them by the garters above his street shoes, letting them drop into the shoes exactly the same way each day. Bobo believed, too, that the whole team would be jinxed if he tied his own shoelaces before going on the field. Always, after getting dressed, it was his custom to stand solemnly with arms folded while some other player knelt and tied the shoelaces.

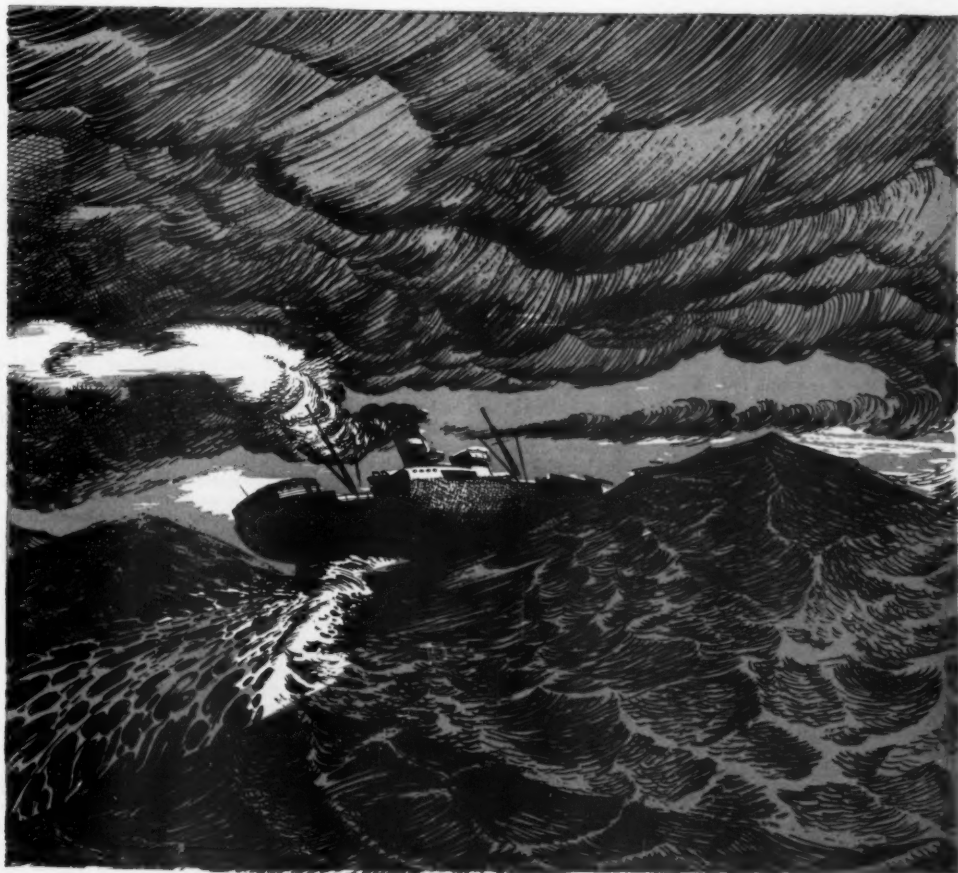


Illustration by Katherine Churchill Tracy

Faith at Sea

By IRWIN SHAW

***This was one emergency
at sea for which the
lieutenant was unprepared—
but sometimes faith
counts more than experience***

LIEUTENANT PETER GIFFORD LAWRENCE stood on the fore-deck of the SS *Rascoe*, holding on lightly to the canvas-sheathed three-inch gun as the bow dipped and trembled in the harsh chop of the North Atlantic. Twelve men of the gun crew stood at ease before him, shifting easily with the soaring lift and fall of the SS *Rascoe* as she chewed busily into the slate waves that had been hacking at her for six days, getting stronger and

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stronger as the 6,000-ton tramp steamer ploughed at nine knots toward England.

"The duties of the gun captain," Constantini was chanting, like a child in school. "A, on manning gun, reports through sight-setter to group control officer when gun is ready. B, operates plug as necessary. C, calls 'Ready,' to pointer when breech is closed. . . ."

Lawrence only half listened as Constantini's voice droned on, in the regular Thursday afternoon gunnery class that Lawrence conducted to keep the Navy gun crew alert and interested on the long, monotonous trips. He looked at the twelve men outlined in mufflers

and coats, against the low-hanging cold sun. These, plus the four men on duty now at the rear gun, had been given him by the Navy to guard the gray and shabby and valuable life of the SS *Rascoe*, and as always, when he saw them assembled he felt with a mixture of amusement and pity how old he was.

He was only 35, but except for Farrell, the Chief Petty Officer, who was older than he, and Benson, the gunner's mate, who was 25, all the men were 21 or under, their faces bronzed and unlined and boyish, always solemn and youthfully important when they were assembled like this for any official function, and especially solemn today because they had lost the convoy the night before in a storm and were now plodding over the gray wastes toward port, vulnerable and alone.

"He is responsible for the conduct, efficiency, and spirit of the crew," Constantini was saying, "and must be made to realize that he is the representative of his battery officer."

"Very good," Lawrence said. "Harris."

"Yes, sir." Harris stood stiffly at attention.

"The duties of the sight-setter."

"To set the sights," Harris rattled off glibly, "and to transmit all communications between gun and group control officer."

Lawrence looked up over Harris's head to the bridge. Captain Linsey, his beard patchy and crooked in the wind, was peering angrily down at what he called the Navy kindergarten.

"To call 'Set,'" Harris was saying, "to pointer when sights have been set..."

SUDDENLY Harris stopped. Lawrence turned from looking at Linsey on the bridge. The man next to Harris, William Doneger, was on his knees by Harris's side, gripping Harris's arm with a tortured, clutching hand. Harris stood there stupidly, frightened, looking blankly at the sweating tense face.

"Doneger..." Lawrence started toward him. Doneger let loose his grip and dropped, bent over and rocking, to the deck.

Constantini sank swiftly to his knees and took Doneger's head in his hands, tenderly.

"What is it?" Lawrence kneeled beside the two of them, with the other men crowded silent and helpless around them.

Doneger looked up at him wildly, the sweat breaking from his forehead, even in this bitter winter evening.

"He's been sick all day, sir," Constantini said, his hands almost unconsciously going slowly and soothingly

over his friend's forehead. "Terrible bellyache, sir."

Lawrence looked down at the suffering boy. His lips were bleeding from biting them and his face had grown terribly, greenly pale, morbid and alarming in the cold Atlantic dusk. His legs pulled spasmodically and unreasonably as he lay on the wet deck.

"Let's get him below," Lawrence said. "To my quarters." There was no doctor on board and Lawrence's quarters had the medical chest and served as clinic for the Navy men.

CONSTANTINI got Doneger under the armpits and one of the other men got him around the knees and they started down with him. Constantini was a broad, powerful boy and held his friend firmly and lightly and maneuvered him delicately down the steps, his face tense and wary as he attempted to beat the cruel roll of the ship which at any moment threatened to smash the sick boy against a bulkhead.

Lawrence looked out across the ocean for a last survey. The water hissed by the SS *Rascoe* and the gray waves piled endlessly and monotonously on top of each other and the clouds came down, and that was all. He swallowed a little drily, thinking of Doneger lying racked and contorted in his room, then braced his shoulders consciously and walked slowly toward his quarters.

When he opened the door, Doneger was lying on the extra berth and Constantini was whispering to him, a steady, soft stream of comforting words. Constantini had a deep, melodious voice, like a singer, and it sounded like a lullaby as he whispered to his friend.

"Nothing at all, William, nothing at all." He was the only one on the ship who called Doneger William. All the other men called him Bill and Billy, but Constantini gave him his full and proper name, like a doting mother, at all times. "Something you ate. I've had bellyaches in my time..." Constantini was seventeen years old. "I thought I was going to split down the middle and two hours later I'd be out eating two plates of spaghetti..."

When he saw Lawrence come into the room, he stopped his whispering and stood up at attention, trying to make his face impassive and military. But he had a child's face with deep soft-brown Italian eyes, with heavy curled black eyelashes, and a full, almost girlish mouth, and the military mask at the moment was not deceptive.

Lawrence looked down at the suffering boy. Doneger looked up at him wanly. "Sorry, sir," he whispered.

"Ssssh," Lawrence said.

"He's been puking, sir," Constantini said. "All day, sir."

Lawrence sighed and sat down on the berth next to Doneger. That's what it's going to turn out to be, he thought, as he put his hand on the boy's side. The worst possible thing...

The right side was swollen and tight and Doneger jumped even with the slightest pressure.

"He has a very sensitive belly, sir," Constantini was speaking quickly and anxiously, as though somehow his words and explanations could make the disease less. "We had a stew yesterday that was a little greasy and maybe..."

"He has appendicitis, Salvatore," Lawrence said slowly.

Constantini looked at his friend's face in silence. Doneger closed his eyes. Lying down here, in the warm stateroom, on a dry bed, he seemed more comfortable, better able to meet the pain.

"Everything will be all right, William," Constantini murmured to Doneger. "The lieutenant has already diagnosed the disease."

The door opened and Captain Linsey came in. He stood above Doneger, staring down at him, without a word, his mouth curled, as always when he had anything to do with the Navy men on board his ship, into a sour and ancient snarl.

"Sick," Linsey said. "This guy is very sick."

"Yes," Lawrence said. Captain Linsey would make amusing conversation after the war at dinner parties in Boston. Crusty old merchant seadog. Ignored the Navy. Ignored the war, even in the middle of a pack of submarines.

"This guy'll die," Captain Linsey leaned over and peered harshly into the pale suffering face.

Very amusing after the war at dinner parties, Lawrence thought. Right now I'd like to kill him.

"We'll take care of him," Lawrence said.

SUDDENLY Captain Linsey poked Doneger in the side with a huge wrinkled finger. Doneger cried and jumped. "Sorry, Sonny," Captain Linsey said. He turned to Lawrence. "Ready to bust. Boy out with me on the way to Wilhelmshaven in 1931 died in three days. Same thing."

Out of the corner of his eye, Lawrence saw Constantini look quickly down at Doneger, then look up and take a long, deep breath.

"Please," Lawrence said. "I'll come up to the bridge later and you can tell me whatever you..."

"This guy needs an operation."

"There's no doctor on board."

Captain Linsey sucked at the wet ends of his mustache, looked with crazy slyness at Lawrence. "We won't make port for seven days. At least. He ain't going to last no week."

I'd like to kill him, Lawrence thought, looking up at Captain Linsey's old, harsh seaman's face. I'd like to kill him, but he's right, he's right.

"I thought we could freeze it," Lawrence said. "After all, we have ice. Maybe it'll subside."

"Too late," Captain Linsey wagged his head finally. "Surgery. Surgery or nothing."

"There're no surgeons here," Lawrence said loudly. "If you insist on arguing, let's get out of this room."

"You ever see an operation?" Captain Linsey asked.

"Yes." Lawrence's brother-in-law was a fashionable surgeon and over a period of ten years Lawrence had seen seven or eight operations. "That isn't the same thing."

"There was a Dutchman we took to Capetown in 1927," Captain Linsey said. "A doctor. Studied in America. He left a book on board. All kinds of operations. Every once in awhile I read in it. Very interesting reading. I bet it's got appendicitis in it."

"That's ridiculous," Lawrence stood up and went over to the door. "Thank you for your interest, Captain."

Captain Linsey touched Doneger's head. "Fever. I bet it's over 104. An operation really isn't so much. A little common sense and a little nerve. What has this boy got to lose?" He leaned close to Doneger and spoke with surprising softness. "Sonny, you got any objections to being operated on?"

Doneger stared at Constantini. Constantini turned away, giving no answer one way or another with his eyes.

"I have no objections," Doneger said faintly.

Captain Linsey strode briskly toward the door. "I'll send the book down," he said cheerfully. "We'll save the guy yet." He clapped Lawrence on the back. "I'd do it myself only I'm old and jumpy and I've drunk too much whiskey in my day. I'll be on the bridge. I'll keep this tub as steady as possible."

He went out quickly.

LAWRENCE closed his eyes so that he wouldn't have to look at Doneger or Crowley or Constantini, all standing stiffly watching him.

A moment later a seaman came in with a worn and broken-backed book. He put it on the table and went out. Crowley and Doneger and Constantini and Lawrence all looked at the fat, dog-

eared book, lying alone on the table. Lawrence stood up and went over and opened to the index. Under A pg. 941 -Appendectomy.

The first time he read through it, the words were a weird and incomprehensible blur. He looked up once or twice only to see the staring, serious eyes of the three other men scanning his face, as though they somehow could tell from that distance whether or not the words he was reading were of any value to him or not.

Lawrence took off his coat and started slowly to read it from the beginning, once more.

Before operating, try to locate the situation of the appendix. The incision should be over the seat of the disease. In the rare left-sided cases and in median cases, the incision is median. . . .

THE words began to group themselves in his mind into English sentences, capable of being understood by a man who could read and write.

In an acute case in a man I separate the muscular fibres. Battle's incision at the outer edge of the rectus muscle is preferred by many surgeons. . . .

In a biology course in college he had dissected the earthworm, the frog, the white rat—but all dead, beyond the reach of pain, unmoved by clumsiness or error.

If there be infection, surround the region involved with packs of plain gauze, each strip being two and a half inches wide, fifteen inches long, and four layers in thickness. Pass a ligature through the meso appendix as shown in Fig. 691, A, tie the ligature and . . .

Fig. 691, A, was very simple and if flesh and muscle and organ were anything like the diagram, it was conceivable that a deft, though unpracticed man might be able to manage.

"William," Lawrence said. "Are you sure?"

Doneger sighed. "I'm sure."

"Crowley," Lawrence said. "Go to the galley and get a pot of boiling water."

"Yes, sir," Crowley said, and went out softly, already making a hospital out of the room.

Lawrence went back to the close print of the book. He read and re-read, studied the diagrams until he felt he could draw them with his eyes closed.

He stood up and unlocked the medical chest. He threw open the doors and stared at the rows of bottles, the serried bandages, the fateful gleaming instruments. Behind him he heard the soft child's voice of Constantini, rough with the accent of the streets of New York, soft with compassion and fear.

"It ain't hardly nothing, William. A cousin of mine had this and he was operated on and three days later he was okay." Constantini had a cousin for all eventualities of discussion, naval and civilian. "Everybody ought to have his appendix out. They don't do you no good. None at all. If I had the time I'd have 'em out myself. . . ."

Lawrence stared at the bottles, the bandages, the steel instruments. He made his eyes go slowly and calmly from one thing to another in the chest, taking a deliberate inventory. The thing is, he thought, not to hurry. After all, men have done more difficult things than this. The instruments are there, the one can of ether, the bandage, the scalpel, the needles, the cat-gut, the clamps, the sponges, the alcohol, sulfanilamide. And the Navy had given him a course in First Aid. How to stop bleeding. How to avoid gangrene. How to set a broken leg.

"You hardly feel it," Constantini was saying in his deep melodious boy's voice. "You take a little nap. You wake up. Appendix absent. You feel a little stiff for a day or two, you get a good rest, the other guys stand your watches, you read the magazines and drink hot soup. You get to England, you get three weeks sick leave, you'll have the time of your life. The English girls are crazy about American sailors. I got a cousin in the Merchant Marine and he says that an American in London is like a king, far as the girls're concerned. They can't do enough for them."

WHY, Lawrence thought with a remote and bitter detachment, did this have to happen the first time we lost a convoy? In a convoy the boy could be transferred to one of the cruisers accompanying them and there a first-rate naval surgeon in a shining, brilliantly equipped operating room would do the job as a matter of simple routine in ten minutes.

Crowley came in with the pot of hot water and Lawrence put the scalpel, the needles and the clamps into it.

"Anything I can do," Constantini said, as Lawrence watched the steel gleaming dully as it sank among the bubbles of the boiling water. "Anything at all."

Lawrence nodded. "There'll be plenty for you to do. Clear that table and get a sheet out of the locker and spread it over it." Constantini listened eagerly and nodded. "Wash your hands first."

While Crowley and Constantini scrubbed their hands and the strong smell of the soap pricked his nostrils, Lawrence re-read, slowly, the entire description of the operation.

Even after he had finished and after the gentle watery sound of scrubbing behind him had long ceased, he sat with his head in his hands, staring at the page before him.

He stood up. Well, that was that. . . . He turned briskly and without words he and Constantini and Crowley lifted Doneger onto the white-covered table. He washed and scrubbed his hands with alcohol. Gently, he shaved the slight, downy fuzz from the boy's belly. Then he washed it with alcohol.

Crowley behaved wonderfully. He was a little, impassive Irishman to whom all things seemed to come as a matter of course, promotions, overwork, murders, drownings, wars. Lawrence was glad it was Crowley who had silently volunteered for this job.

Constantini, too, handled Doneger with soft hands, lifting him gently and securely, making no unnecessary move. Together they bound Doneger to the table with linen bandage, so that the roll of the ship would not throw him off the table.

Lawrence noticed that the ship had swung around and was heading directly into the wind and was much steadier now. He would remember to thank Captain Linsey later.

HE took the ether cone and stood at Doneger's shoulder. Doneger and Constantini and seven or eight of the other boys had had their heads shaven when they were last in the States. They had done it as a kind of joke, after Lawrence had complained at inspection that they were letting their hair grow too long. All seven of them had marched solemnly back onto the SS *Rascoe* from their shore leaves and had with one gesture swept their hats off their heads as they reported in. Lawrence had stared at the seven shining pates, scarred with the incredibly numerous battles of childhood, and had lowered his eyes to keep from laughing and had said, "Very good."

They had saluted and swept out and he had heard them roaring with laughter on the deck. . . .

Doneger's head, now with a slight baby fuzz standing up all over it, lay flatly, in the shadows, on the table in the small cabin as the old plates on the SS *Rascoe* creaked and wailed under the attack of the sea. . . .

"All right, William," Lawrence said softly. "Are you ready now?"

"I'm ready, sir," Doneger spoke in a whisper and smiled up at him.

Lawrence put the cone gently over the boy's face and said, "Breathe deeply." He poured the ether in and the smell, sweet and deadly, leaked into

the cabin, making it strange and deathly suddenly. "Count," Lawrence said. "Keep counting."

"One, two, three," Doneger said clearly. "Four, five, six, seven, eight. . . ." The young voice began to blur and thicken. "Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thir-thir. . . ." The voice mumbled heavily and wearily through the cone. The long chubby body on the table relaxed for the first time and Crowley gently straightened the legs out. The voice died away completely and the noise of the creaking plates of the old ship was the only sound to be heard.

LAWRENCE lifted the ether cone. Doneger's face was calm and showed no trace of pain. He gave the cone to Constantini. "If I tell you to," he said, "put this over his face. In case he moves."

"Yes, sir," Constantini said, and moved quickly to Doneger's head.

Lawrence went to the pot of boiling water, and with a forceps took out the instruments he had put in there to sterilize. Crowley had arranged a clean towel on the bunk and Lawrence put the instruments there in a neat and shining row, remembering how dentists who had filled his teeth had done the same thing.

He picked up the scalpel and arranged the lamp so that its full glare fell on the bare stomach of the sleeping boy.

The skin was very pink, and there was a firm, small layer of fat under it. Doneger was very young and his belly still had a round little baby-swell. He was breathing softly and the muscles trembled rhythmically and gently in the harsh light of the single lamp.

How smooth, how subtle, how complex, Lawrence thought, how close to death. How vulnerable to knife and powder. How irrevocably naked to damage. He closed his eyes for a moment, unable to look any more at the smooth childish skin.

With his eyes closed and the moaning and creaking of the tumbling ship in his ears, it all seemed dreamlike and impossible. He, Peter Gifford Lawrence, gently reared, nursed and fed and tended all his years by mother and aunt and teacher and doctor, every boyhood scratch mercurochromed and over-banded, soft-blanketed sleeper in neat, well-ventilated rooms, student at Harvard where he had taken notes on Plato and Geoffrey Chaucer, on the Architecture of the Renaissance and metrics of John Milton, Peter Gifford Lawrence, gentleman, formal guest at pleasant dinners, polite talker to old ladies at Lenox garden parties, dealer

in books and fine prints, now standing scalpel in hand in the cramped, peeling First-Officer's quarters of a wheezing freighter groaning and heaving in a Middle Atlantic gale, with four miles of black sea water and countless drowned sailors under the keel, the prey of deadly vessels that struck unseen and mortal in the turn of a man's head. . . .

Battle's incision at the outer edge of the rectus muscle is preferred by many surgeons. . . . After opening the peritoneum examine very gently to detect the situation of the. . . . This divides the mucous membrane, submucous tissue, and muscular coat. . . .

He opened his eyes and looked up. Constantini was staring at him. In the soft girlish eyes, beside the worry for

About the Author

Irwin Shaw, playwright, novelist, and author of short stories, was born in Brooklyn. His first writing consisted of essays for his high school paper. In 1936, Shaw became famous overnight when his one-act play *Bury the Dead* was produced. Among his other plays are *The Gentle People* and *The Assassin*. His first novel, *The Young Lions*, was rated one of the best fictional treatments of World War II. Shaw has also written for the screen and radio. His short stories have appeared in *Collier's*, *Esquire*, *The New Yorker*, and other magazines. Some of his best stories have recently been reprinted in a collection entitled *Mixed Company*.

his friend's agony, there was deep confidence that this kindly, efficient, understanding, courageous man, this officer who had been designated by great authority to guide his wartime fate, would, this time and all times, do well what had to be done. There was no doubt in the soft steady eyes of Salvatore Constantini.

Lawrence bent his head and firmly made the necessary incision. . . .

WHEN the operation was over and Doneger had been gently lifted into the extra bunk and Constantini had silently taken the watch at his side, Lawrence opened the door and stepped out onto the deck. The black wind flung bitter spray into his face and he had to half-shut his eyes against it. But he stood there, holding onto the rail, peering sightlessly into the roaring darkness, hardly thinking, hardly feeling, rolling crazily and aimlessly with the roll of the ship.

He stood there drunkenly for a long

time, then suddenly turned and went into his room. Doneger was lying there, steady and still, the ether still in control. Constantini sat quietly at his side, never taking his eyes off the pale, exhausted face.

Lawrence lay down in all his clothes and slept immediately.

When he awoke, he opened his eyes slowly and came up deeply from the well of sleep, as though he had slept for weeks on end. Slowly he became aware of Constantini sitting across the room from him, still looking steadfastly at Doneger, as though he hadn't moved all night.

Lawrence opened his eyes wide.

"Good morning, Lieutenant." Constantini smiled shyly at him. His eyes were sunken and he rubbed them like a sleepy infant.

"Morning, Salvatore." Lawrence sat up suddenly and looked at Doneger, remembering in a rush that across from him lay a man whom he had operated upon the night before. Doneger was awake, and drowsily smiled, his face creased by a kind of remote pain.

"Hello, Lieutenant," Doneger whispered.

Lawrence jumped out of his bunk. "How are you?"

"Fine," Doneger whispered. "First class. Thanks."

Lawrence peered at him closely. There were wrinkles of pain in the boy's smooth face, but there was a little color in the cheeks and something in the eyes that seemed to announce that death had once and for all passed by.

Lawrence looked at Constantini. "You get any sleep last night?"

"Not much, sir. I'm pleased to watch William."

"Get below and get some sleep. Someone else'll watch William."

"Yes, sir." Constantini looked shyly at him and turned to Doneger. "My gosh," he whispered, as Lawrence poured some water to wash, "will you have a picnic with those English girls. . . ."

And he touched his friend's forehead lightly and chuckled as he went out and deep, deep, from the depths of his 18 years and recovery from death, Doneger chuckled softly in return.

LATER in the day, Lawrence started forward toward the bow gun, where the men were assembled for the interrupted examination in gunnery. The sun was shining and the ocean was a sharp, wintry blue, with the whitecaps in the distance looking like the bobbing sails of a regatta with a million entries. He had left Doneger smiling and sipping tea and the bright wind felt festive and

alive against his freshly shaven face.

He saw the cluster of blue uniforms and the ruddy faces of the gun crew around the gun and heard Constantini's voice, melodious and terribly earnest, chanting in final review before his arrival. Lawrence smiled to himself and was proud of the Navy and the red-faced earnest boys, and the gun and the SS *Rascoe* and himself, abroad, dependable and unafraid, on the wide ocean.

"Tention!" Benson called as he approached, and the boys stiffened rigidly, their faces stern and set, their hands tight at their sides. Lawrence looked sternly at them, carrying out his share of the military drama.

He looked at them and felt once more with the old amusement and pity how old he was at the age of 33, confronted by and responsible for these large, determined, valuable, fearless children.

"At ease," he said.

The tight little knot relaxed and the men shuffled about, making themselves comfortable. They kept their eyes on Lawrence, seriously. Constantini's lips mumbled inaudibly as he ran over the list of questions he might be asked to answer.

"We'll go right into it," Lawrence said. "Harris. . . ." he started with the boy nearest him. "What're the duties of the first loader?"

"To receive the shell from the second loader," Harris said. "And to load the gun."

"Levine." Lawrence spoke to the next man. "Duties of the second loader?"

"To pass shells to the first loader." Levine said carefully. "To arrange shells on deck in rear of gun in probable arc of train."

"Constantini. . . ." Lawrence went down the line. He saw Constantini's face tense almost painfully with anticipation. "What are the duties of the third loader?"

CONSTANTINI'S lips started to move. Then he licked them uneasily. He took in a deep breath, looked suddenly, blankly and despairingly at Lawrence. Lawrence glanced at him and saw that all knowledge had fled from his head, like an actor on opening night, with four weeks of rehearsals behind him, who is stricken dumb by the overpowering desire to do well.

A deep red flush surged up over Constantini's collar and stained his cheeks, his ears. He licked his lips in misery, looked straight ahead, hopelessly. . . .

Lawrence looked away, called the next man, Moran, went on with the questioning.

Moran answered the question briskly.

One by one, Lawrence went down the line of men. Each man snapped out his answer, their voices ringing clear and triumphant in the bright wind. Once more it was Constantini's turn.

Lawrence looked surreptitiously at him. He was next in line and he was standing as stiff as though all the admirals of all the fleets of the world were passing him in review. His jaws were clenched and the muscles stood out in them like rope. His eyes stared ahead of him like a man watching the execution of his father, wild, hopeless, full of guilt.

LAWRENCE knew in his heart that no matter what question he put to Constantini, no answer would come from that mourning brain, no word pass those locked, despairing lips. For a moment Lawrence thought of passing him up and going on to the next man. But then, to the shame of Constantini's ignorance and defection would be added the ignominy of official pity.

"Constantini," Lawrence said as crisply as he could, hoping to shock him out of his trancelike trauma. He carefully sought out the simplest, most transparent, easily-answered question in the whole book. "Constantini," he said, slowly and clearly and loudly, "what is the purpose of shrapnel?"

froze between the lips, the eyes stared without hope across the Atlantic Ocean, while no answer came to show this good man, this Boston Lieutenant who had done a brave and noble thing to save his friend's life that he, Salvatore Constantini, loved and admired him and would be grateful to him for the rest of his life. The blush settled like a permanent blight on his cheeks, but no answer came from the rockbound brain. The deep, ordinary thanks that a man could give by the crisp performance of his duty could not be given. William lived and Salvatore failed the man who had saved him.

Suddenly the tears started from his eyes and rolled down his rigid cheeks.

Lawrence looked at the weeping boy, staring blindly out to sea, among the men who kindly stared out to sea with him. Lawrence saw the bitter tears and almost put out his hand to comfort the boy, but held back just in time, since comfort now, before his ten friends, would be agony later.

Lawrence glanced once more at him and tried to call the next man's name and ask him the purpose of shrapnel, but the name stuck in his throat and he turned his back on the men and wept and felt the tears cold on his cheeks without surprise.



Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus

Trainers must remember that wild animals are never tamed, but only trained.

In the following chapter from *Circus Doctor*, J. Y. Henderson writes of Alfred Court and Damoo Dhotre. Court is one of the greatest wild-animal trainers of all time. Damoo Dhotre began training lions in his uncle's circus in India at the age of 13. At 17 he was known throughout India as a brilliant trainer and also as a dare-devil bicycle artist.

TRAINING wild animals has nothing at all to do with my job or with veterinary medicine in general and I have no desire to become a trainer. I have never trained a wild animal to perform, although I have raised two of them. However, I did develop a very real interest in this profession, or art, during my first weeks with the circus, because of the tremendous difficulties of the job and because of my friendship with the trainers who worked with the show.

I learned a good deal about the big cats from Alfred Court and even more from Damoo Dhotre. Damoo's whole approach to animal training is unusual.

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Having a very curious as well as a very alert mind, he has studied the animals both as species and as individuals. Damoo taught me most of what I know about training cats.

A trainer's job takes a combination of physical agility, mental alertness, and courage. It is naturally dangerous. The trainers who live long are those who remember that a wild animal is never, never tamed, but only trained. Damoo has told me time and time again that whenever a trainer gets hurt, it is always the trainer's fault—and this is not the boasting of a smug man who has happened to be lucky: Damoo has been badly hurt and he has been in danger of death. What he means is that it is bad to become over-confident, to forget that the animals are still wild, still savage, and always on the borderline of getting completely out of control.

Damoo's theory on training a wild animal is similar, he says, to that of training a child. "The first step," he says, "is to remove the animal's fear. An animal is instinctively afraid of a stranger; and because he is afraid, he will attack."

Damoo spends countless hours in front of a cage containing a new animal. He stands near the cage. He talks to the animal. He sings to him. He calms him with his voice. He woos him with tidbits of meat pierced on the tip of a

Training

long pole. Eventually, sometimes after weeks, the animal stops flying into a panic when Damoo approaches.

When he has an animal at that point, he takes him into the training cage, making sure that there are ropes around the animal and that those ropes are held taut by boys outside the cage. Then he plays with him, meanwhile doing everything possible to inspire the animal's confidence: he assures the animal that he is not going to be hurt, he talks to him, he feeds him, and eventually he returns him to his cage.

When the animal has become thoroughly friendly, Damoo starts teaching him simple tricks. With the aid of the boys holding the ropes, Damoo gives him the signal for his sitting on the pedestal. He shows him what is expected of him and rewards him with a piece of meat when he obeys. After several sessions with the guide rope and the meat, the animal begins to recognize Damoo's signal and, every time he hears it, he goes toward the pedestal.

When Damoo is convinced that the animal is thoroughly broken, that he won't fly into a panic and attack him, he teaches him without ropes. He shows him precisely what he wants him to do. He always gives exactly the same signal and uses the same tone of voice, followed by a reward.

This is, perhaps, an oversimplification of the wild animal training process, but it gives an idea as to how these men approach a difficult and dangerous job.

In each hand, he carries a stick, half a broom handle or a piece of split bamboo. When the animal shows signs of wanting to bite—and they do—Damoo offers him one of the two sticks, and lets him chew on that, while with the other he will push or prod him and let him know where he wants him to go.

When Damoo is training an animal, he carries a whip over his shoulder, used for signaling. Contrary to popular belief, seldom are animals beaten by a trainer. It stands to reason, if a trainer

Step right up folks, and meet the greatest animal trainers of all time . . . Admission free!

By J. Y. Henderson, as told to Richard Taplinger

the Big Cats

wants an animal to lose his fear, he is hardly likely to beat him up every time he comes in contact with him. Animals are hit, much in the same way that children are spanked, in order to show that certain behavior is unacceptable. This is a far cry from beating animals into submission.

Damoo's general formula is first to remove the fear of the animal and then to inspire in the animal both proper fear and respect. The fear he teaches is only the fear of doing something wrong, the fear of being punished if he either disobeys or becomes dangerous.

As Damoo says, "If a child is allowed to do anything he likes and is never disciplined, he will have no respect for his parents and he will grow up to be a gangster. If, on the other hand, a child is beaten into submission at every point, he will have no respect but he will have fear and a grudge. He will wait for the chance to turn on his parents and if he can't turn on them, he will turn on someone else. He, too, is headed for gangsterdom. With an animal, too," he says, "there must be both fear and respect. He is punished only for doing wrong and he must know *why* he is being punished each time. He must be rewarded for being good, and he must be made to understand what he has done to gain his trainer's favor. When you have this combination," says Damoo, "you have a good animal. But he is still not *tamed*. He will never be tamed. You must watch yourself at every instant."

Damoo himself, though he has been attacked again and again, only severely hits an animal when there is a real fight and real danger, when the choice is between hitting the animal and being hurt.

Damoo goes into the cage with five spotted leopards, two pumas, two black jaguars, and two black panthers. One of the panthers still attacks him at the slightest provocation. I have seen Damoo time and again avoid the animal's claw by less than an inch.

I watched Damoo train Negus—the 170-pound black jaguar who once almost killed him—to be carried around on his shoulders. When he first started, Negus would not even stand on the two low stools from which Damoo would eventually lift him.

Until then Negus knew only one trick, climbing up to the top of a pyramid with other animals. By roping him, and feeding him, Damoo finally got him to the point where he would stand on the two stools, his forelegs on one and his hind legs on the other. When the jaguar did this, Damoo would reward him with a piece of meat held out on the pointed end of a stick. After several days of feeding him in this manner, the trainer would pat him on the back to get him used to his touch. Then he went one step further: he put his arm around Negus's back and exerted pressure on his belly with the palm of his hand. This was to get Negus used to that pressure he would feel when Damoo put his neck under Negus's belly to lift him.

During his first few days of this, Negus was frightened. He would lash out at Damoo and then run for his own pedestal. But by slow and patient work, Damoo got to the point where he could get one arm under the animal's belly and lift him two or three inches off the stools. By the end of the month Negus would lie quietly, draped around Damoo's neck.

It is not my purpose to make heroes of these trainers by pointing up the melodrama which is inherent in their profession, but too often in the public mind the amount of patience and study and understanding that goes into training wild animals is underestimated. Another common belief is that the animals have an organ removed, certain teeth pulled, or other mysterious operations performed to make them gentle. This is utter nonsense. Other people think that the animals behave because the trainer whips the tar out of them. If the people who make these accusations would stop

to think for one moment, they would realize that if the whip were used to slash the animal, his fur and his skin would hardly be as smooth and unblemished as it invariably is. Every crack of the whip is a cue in the act. One unaccustomed move, and a trainer can be in serious trouble from the feeling of insecurity this might bring to his animals.

Some years ago, Damoo trained a black panther to attack him as part of the act. At a certain signal, the animal would snarl at Damoo and, as Damoo would step backward from her, the panther would leap and slash out at him with her claws. Time and again, I have seen the panther snatch the necklace from around Damoo's neck, so close to him did her claw come. Menaka (pronounced "Men-yak-a"), the panther, was a very quick animal. Yet Damoo could be successful with this kind of trick because he himself is even quicker and has perfect physical control. He somehow always managed to keep an inch or two from Menaka's reach.

When Damoo went into the army, another trainer took over the act. The new trainer was a very competent, highly intelligent woman. The first time she performed this trick with the panther everything went well until the point at which she wanted the animal to stop leaping and go back to her pedestal. Damoo had accomplished this by stopping in his tracks and thrusting his head out at Menaka. The woman trainer was not entirely familiar with Menaka and wasn't quite sure of her. Instead of stopping absolutely still, probably afraid that the animal might try another leap, she took still another step back. But this was exactly the wrong thing to do: Menaka knew this as the cue to jump and she mauled her badly.

In a mixed group, all the natural jungle enemies are expected not only to sit quietly as neighbors, but actually to come in close contact with each other during many of the tricks. A mixed-group trainer has to be good, but even so is sometimes attacked; so complete absence of fear on the part of these trainers is something that never fails to amaze me.

For myself, I can't claim to be thoroughly unconcerned when working on a wild animal. On the occasions when it was necessary to work on an animal that was not restrained and not un-

conscious, I have had a strange feeling in the pit of my stomach and the symptoms of what might be water on the knee. But the trainers dare not be afraid. In rare cases where the trainer has had reason to become so, he usually has found it expedient to change his profession.

Damoo is thoroughly aware of all the dangers, but at the same time he has the kind of confidence in himself that makes him feel master of whatever emergency arises. Alfred Court had the same confidence. He lived to retire. Other trainers who have been in the business for many years expect to reach a ripe old age. Many are sure that, if they don't, it will be because of a little bug rather than a big animal.

Damoo has a beautiful spotted leopard named Sonya. At the close of his act, he drives the other animals out of the cage, throws his whip and stick away, and spreads out his arms to Sonya. She comes off her pedestal, stands up in front of Damoo, puts her forepaws around his neck, her chin on his shoulder, and together they walk across the cage.

I asked Damoo once whether, despite the fact that he and Sonya have been doing this trick for some ten years, there is a danger that she might turn on him. He said the danger is always present. There are some days when she is nervous or excited, and he knows that he cannot trust her.

"How, then," I asked him, "do you protect yourself when you do this trick?"

"If you will watch me carefully," said Damoo, "you will see that some days, on the days when Sonya is upset, I will hold my chin close to my neck like this. You see," he said, "if she wanted to attack me, it would be impossible for her to bite me in the neck. She would have to bite me in the shoulder and I would have a chance to fight her."

If that makes your blood run cold, or brings duck bumps to your skin, you were not born to be an animal trainer. That is the stuff of which successful cat trainers are made. I don't believe what they have can be developed. We are either that way, or we are not.

Cat training is such a fascinating art I never miss a chance to watch one of the trainers working his animals, whether it is running through an old act or breaking them for new tricks. Since some of the best trainers in the world have worked and do work with the show, I have had a chance to study them all at close range.

There are two kinds of animal men. There is a world of difference between them, although the public usually is unaware of any distinction. The first



About the Author . . .

J. Y. Henderson has been chief veterinarian for the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus since 1941. He grew up on a small ranch in Kerrville, Texas, and studied veterinary medicine at Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College. Although Henderson's training equipped him to deal with horses and dogs, it did not prepare him to set a lion's broken jaw or to amputate an alligator's foot. Common sense and a great sympathy for animals, both wild and domestic, have been his greatest assets in handling the many crises that can arise in the life of a "circus doctor." While with the circus, Henderson fell in love with "the girl on the flying trapeze" and won her hand after risking his neck learning high-wire tricks to attract her attention.

group are the real trainers. They take raw animals out of the jungle, break them, teach them tricks, and perform with them. These are the men like Court, Dhotre, Proske, Clemens, Mathies, and a few others. Then there are the men who perform with animals already broken and trained. They simply repeat a given set of signals in order to make the animals perform. One of the most famous of all American "trainers" belongs to this group. He even went so far as to employ a man to train his animals for him. The Hagenbeck Zoo in Germany has for many years trained entire acts and then sold them to "trainers" who were actually mere performers.

It is an interesting fact that most cat trainers prefer to work with jungle-raised animals rather than with bottle-fed animals. The reason they give is that pet-bottle-fed animals are pampered when they are babies and are seldom punished. By the time they get big enough to be dangerous, it is too late to start punishing them. They are so completely unafraid that even hit-

ting them lightly, which is enough to bring a young wild animal under control, will only make them savage and bring on an attack.

Trainers feel if they, themselves, raised an animal on a bottle, they would be sure to start disciplining it early so the animal would respect them and would respect their orders at a later date. But if the animal had been raised as a pet, by the time it was six or eight months old it would be much more dangerous than a jungle-raised animal, because it would have no fear and would only become bitter if then punished for the first time.

There are many legends current about the experiences of animal trainers. One popular story which has been attributed to any number of trainers is about the man who was once attacked by one of his animals, one of the other animals then saving his life. I have asked a number of trainers about this unlikely story and have found none of them who will admit this has ever happened to him.

The closest any of them have come to it in actual experience is an incident in Damoo's life. He was once working with a group of lions, and one of the animals was extremely mean. Damoo had decided to take him out of the act. Before he got around to replacing him, the lion one night struck out at Damoo, ripped his arm badly, and, as Damoo stepped back, lunged at him. He knocked Damoo down, and then, Damoo says, another of his lions which happened to be directly behind him, leaped over his fallen body and landed on the attacking lion. The two lions started fighting. This gave Damoo a chance to bring both animals under control. However, he says there is no evidence that the second animal attacked the first as a means of defending the trainer. His own feeling, based on his knowledge of the nature of wild animals, is that the second animal became excited because the first one was fighting, and attacked simply out of excitement. There have been cases where this same instinct has operated to the detriment of the trainer, where the other animals became excited by the attacking one and all attacked the trainer. When this happens, the show has only one choice and that is to find a replacement for the trainer at the earliest possible date.

However, the act is usually all great fun for the audience, and there is evidence that the animals actually enjoy performing. The cat trainers no doubt get a certain satisfaction out of their difficult achievement. But as for me—the training ring is a nice place to visit but I'd hate to make a living in it.

Macavity: The Mystery Cat

BY T. S. ELIOT

Macavity's a Mystery Cat: he's called the Hidden Paw—
For he's the master criminal who can defy the Law.
He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the Flying Squad's
despair:

For when they reach the scene of crime—*Macavity's not there!*

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity.
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare,
And when you reach the scene of crime—*Macavity's not there!*

You may seek him in the basement, you may look up in
the air—

But I tell you once and once again, *Macavity's not there!*

Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and thin;
You would know him if you saw him, for his eyes are
sunken in.

His brow is deeply lined with thought, his head is highly
domed;

His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are uncombed.
He sways his head from side to side, with movements like
a snake;

And when you think he's half asleep, he's always wide
awake.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
For he's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity.
You may meet him in a by-street, you may see him in the
square—

But when a crime's discovered, then *Macavity's not there!*

He's outwardly respectable. (They say he cheats at cards.)
And his footprints are not found in any file of Scotland
Yard's.

And when the larder's looted, or the jewel-case is rifled,
Or when the milk is missing, or another Peke's been stifled,
Or the greenhouse glass is broken, and the trellis past re-
pair—

Ay, there's the wonder of the thing! *Macavity's not there!*

And when the Foreign Office find a Treaty's gone astray,
Or the Admiralty lose some plans and drawings by the way,
There may be a scrap of paper in the hall or on the stair—
But it's useless to investigate—*Macavity's not there!*
And when the loss has been disclosed, the Secret Service
say:

"It *must* have been Macavity!"—but he's a mile away.

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Cats*, by T. S. Eliot, published by Harcourt, Brace and Co. Copy-
right, 1939.

There's no one like Macavity,

a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity

You'll be sure to find him resting, or a-licking of his thumbs,
Or engaged in doing complicated long division sums.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
There never was a Cat of such deceitfulness and suavity.
He always has an alibi, and one or two to spare:
At whatever time the deed took place—*MACAVITY
WASNT THERE!*

And they say that all the Cats whose wicked deeds are
widely known,
(I might mention Mungojerrie, I might mention Griddle-
bone)

Are nothing more than agents for the Cat who all the time
just controls their operations: the Napoleon of Crime!

"The Autocrat," a wood engraving by Agnes Miller Parker. Reproduced from "Wood
Engravings of the 1930s," published by The Studio Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.



Cathleen Burns, Young Voices Editor

HOW long since you've read a good spine-chiller? To those whose "horror" diet has been neglected of late—and to those who relish any and every opportunity of "curling up inside"—we present Bob Johnston's suspenseful short story!

Caught in the Act

It was Tuesday, and Bill and I had planned a routine hike into Hound Woods. For several hours, our hike went off according to schedule. Then it happened!

It was Bill who first discovered the narrow, water-worn trail branching off the main trail into the wilderness. We had a sudden urge to explore its rocky length. We'd advanced along the unfamiliar trail for perhaps a hundred yards when Bill reached out and clutched my arm.

Just ahead was a lofty old structure, two stories high, with boarded-up windows and an ancient slate roof. Its paint had weathered and faded to a dull gray. Softly, Bill and I crept toward the house through the shadowy trees. I mounted the tumbledown porch and tugged at the front door. Bill was close on my heels. The door opened, squeaking and grating like something in a radio horror program. We peered in. The front room was musty and still. Bill advanced bravely, moving over boards that creaked at each step. I stared at a point where one carelessly-boarded window next to the main staircase gave a trifling light. Something limp and shapeless stirred on the stairs. I nearly jumped out of my skin. Then

I discovered that the "something" was only Bill's shadow.

We both continued across the room and found the edge of a low, open door. Bill crouched down to enter. For a dreadful instant he feared there was no next room. His foot could not find a floor to stand on; and only a quick, noiseless grab for the doorknob prevented him from falling. Then his foot searched lower and touched solid wood. It turned out to be another stairway. We felt our way around a turn in the stairs, down and down, to a tightly closed door below. Bill lifted the latch, and we slipped through, closing the heavy door behind us. It was darker here than upstairs. I knelt and touched a cement floor, then groped my way to a cement wall. Suddenly I bumped into a table which was covered with a large tarpaulin. Underneath the tarpaulin I discovered several small objects. Guns! Bill and I decided that this was no place for us!

We felt our way back to the door by which we'd entered. To our horror, we found that the door had locked automatically behind us. We were trapped! We were just debating what move to make next when a shrill laugh interrupted us. Terrified, we reached for each other. Then the small door on the other side of the room opened, and we saw several figures dimly outlined in the entrance. At once I remembered the guns on the table, but I didn't react quickly enough. A beam of light was thrown on us, then withdrawn. One of the figures moved swiftly to the table where I had found the guns. It paused a moment, then approached us—slowly, deliberately. The muzzle of a gun was thrust against my heart; and, before Bill or I could move, a voice said menacingly, "Stick 'em up, buddy!"

Instead of obeying, I began to laugh hysterically. The voice was that of a small boy. "Hey, Jake, Pete, come here!" he said excitedly. "This is the first time we've ever caught real, live bandits!"

Bob Johnston
North High School
Binghamton, N. Y.

Pvt. Richard Harris goes out on maneuvers with the Marine Corps Reserve. The result is an hilarious essay in which any resemblance to the glories of Tripoli is strictly coincidental!

Young Voices

They Don't Kiss Mothers Goodbye

Company A! Fall in!

It was a foggy Houston morning. I, Private Richard Harris, reeled under my pack up to the platoon area outside Union Station. We were off for two weeks at Camp Pendleton, California, as Marine Reserves!

Look! There's Mother. No, Mother, you can't kiss me goodbye! I'm a rough tough Marine now, and Marines don't kiss their mothers goodbye. (Sniff!)

A few minutes after the train had begun to move, the order came through to hang up our hats and coats. Then came the order to put them on. Another order to take them off. Put 'em on! Take 'em off! Thus we got our first taste of Marine Corps discipline. But the thing I remember best about that train trip was the chow line. We were traveling on the Missouri and Pacific, but after we got through that chow line, we renamed it the Misery and Pathetic.

We arrived at Camp Pendleton at 7:00 in the evening. The first thing we had to do was draw bedding. Boy, were we class! We got sheets. Just as we were standing around saying, "One for the money, two for the show—" before taking a flying leap into bed, Sergeant Garcia stuck his head into the tent camp and bellowed like a Brooklyn Brahmin, "You bums is gonna clean them machine guns before you hit the sack!"

After chow the next morning, the Sergeant wasted no time in taking us out to the rifle range to teach us how to shoot. The Mg platoon got the worst of it that day. We were sent to the butts to lower and raise targets and mark them. My buddy, Hollywood, and I were assigned to the same target. We took a very dim view of the whole business and decided to fix the guys who were firing on our target. In rifle practice you hold up a marker to show whether the man firing got a bull, a four, a three, a two, or a miss. We decided to register a miss for every shot fired—regardless! The poor guy on the firing line went quietly crazy because no matter how many times he changed his sights he still got a miss. One guy had just fired five shots and made five bulls. We had signaled five misses. Then all of a sudden five more shots went straight through our marker. The Sarge, it seemed, had got wise to our little game.



My most thrilling adventure at Pendleton might be entitled, "A Walk in the Hills," or more aptly, "Give Them Back to the Indians." This was a sham battle in which we were to employ our skill to take and hold that important enemy objective, "Cactus Hill."

After morning chow, we loaded up and moved out. It was a sunny morning and everyone was smiling. Everyone but me. I was carrying the machine gun, which weighed 48 pounds. My pack weighed 40, and my carbine weighed eight with ammo. Add all this up (leaving out my uniform and combat boots) and you get a total of 96 pounds. Some load for a 125-pounder, even if he is a Marine!

We marched in a column of two with a file on either side of the road. At the command, "Take cover," each file was to find refuge on its side of the road and lie motionless. After we had trudged what seemed like 20 miles, I heard a Piper Cub circling overhead. The Sergeant yelled, "Take cover!" About ten yards off the road, I saw a nice, shady patch of grass. With a hop, skip, and a jump I landed flat and stayed that way. I had no choice because Garcia was casting the evil eye on everyone who moved a muscle. When the "All clear" call came, we got back in line and marched on. Everyone was griping about having to get up. I wasn't. I'd landed on an ant hill.

After that, I think we must have tramped about 20 more miles before we reached the foot of the Cactus Hill. Then the Sergeant's walkie-talkie began to sputter, and at the command we were running madly up the side of the hill looking for positions to set up our machine guns. Our squad got its machine gun in position. We were uneasy "at ease" among the cactuses when Sergeant Garcia came up with blood in his eyes. He pointed out that the guns wouldn't do too much good facing south since the enemy was approaching from the north!

Back in camp we had finished chow when the order came through to pitch tents and settle down for the night. We began to relax. Then another order was issued by headquarters. It seemed that 4,000,000 of the enemy had just quietly occupied the hill and we were to take it back—now! Long and loud were the laments in the ranks. The Colonel had planned for us to spend a cosy evening out on maneuvers. But when he heard all the grumbling and griping—it was beginning to sound like Mutiny on the Bounty—he gave the order to remain in camp. With the parting shot, "You guys act like a bunch of chicken-livered, tenderfoot, bird-brained soldiers!"

he climbed indignantly into his jeep and roared off in a cloud of dust.

After maneuvers the days passed quickly enough. Pretty soon it was time to leave for home. We were loaded aboard Marine Corps planes and, except for a few times when the coffee jumped out of our cups in air pockets, it was an uneventful trip. We boarded trucks at Ellington Field and roared into town with a siren escort. At the Reserve building the mothers and sweethearts were waiting. Although big, tough Marines cannot kiss mothers goodbye, they sure as heck kiss 'em when they get back!

Richard Harris

*Milby High School
Houston, Texas
Teacher, Mrs. Alpha K. Baker*

Look around you! You may, like James Zamagias, find the spark of heroic free verse in everyday and familiar experiences.

Hometown

My hometown is big.
Not big with a giant population,
Nor big with buildings shooting into
heaven,
But big in heart.

The heart that beats with the crunching hook of the derrick in the wire mill; with a clanging locomotive pulling flatcars out of the car shop; with the pneumatic drill tearing up an old street to pave a new one; with the pounding of the carpenters' hammers building clean, new dwellings. Ever on go the churning mill wheels; black shovels biting into black rock; mighty muscles straining; gray steel being wrought.

My town's men are workers, rough and sturdy; men bathed in black dust,



See Yourself in Print

● Have you a short story, poem, or essay, of which you're especially proud? Send it to the Young Voices Editor, Scholastic Magazines, 351 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wish your contribution returned. Individual criticism will be given at the editor's discretion. Material published is automatically considered for awards in the annual Scholastic Writing Awards and for honors in those areas where Regional Scholastic Writing awards are sponsored by local newspapers.

who smile wearily but trudge on; stripped to the waist, sweating, striving is the stooped demigod of my town!

And the women, sparking the wick of destiny, have made my town big. Our women mold homes, pray, yearn, love their own, and die within themselves when Death's muffler stifles their beloved.

And when you stop to hear, to see, to know, to understand, you will find the pulse of the nation here.

A boy walking his girl home; a man boasting of his war record; a mother hushing her baby in a theater; a kid climbing a tree to get apples; or a refugee singing hymns in the house of God.

The sun dies and labors are arrested. Then see! Come! See my town! Walk along the aching streets and acquaint yourself with my town.

You'll have to walk, have to run, maybe stumble to find the intangible emeralds buried in her streets.

Simple, warm, true little town hiding in the protective lap of the mountains, forgetful but not oblivious of the world crouching at her feet.

The mountains, giant sentinels guarding my town; the valleys; the streams growing into rivers; the wheat, the corn, the blades of burnished grass holding their own against the somber wind and rain—all grace my hometown.

Tall little town in the mountains, so close to God and yet so infinitely far! Far from salvation, not immune to earth's sins, but my town.

When you find, when you think you've discovered her ageless youth, you will know my town—and America.

Although the smoky mists veil the horizon and storms erode her pride, my hometown has captured the chemistry of Beauty!

James Zamagias

*Central High School
Johnstown, Penna.
Teacher, Elvina Owen*



1. Romeo Montague (Douglas Watson) and Juliet Capulet (Olivia de Havilland) fall in love when Romeo crashes a party given by Capulets, who hate Montagues.



2. Knowing that Juliet's parents (Isabel Elsom and Malcolm Keen) would not tolerate her marriage with a Montague, the lovers meet secretly.



3. "What's in a name? that which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."—Famous balcony scene; Juliet declares her love for Romeo.



4. Juliet's nurse (Evelyn Varden) teases the lovesick Juliet by withholding a message Romeo has given her. Romeo has arranged for Juliet to meet him at Friar Laurence's cell where Friar will marry them.

ROMEO *and* JULIET



5. Left to right: Romeo, Tybalt (William Smithers), Mercutio (Jack Hawkins), and Benvolio (Michael Huggins). Juliet's cousin Tybalt insults Romeo. As he no longer hates the Capulets, Romeo answers softly—but his hot-headed friend Mercutio challenges Tybalt to a duel. When Tybalt kills Mercutio, Romeo slays Tybalt, is banished from the country.

WHEN the Dwight Deere Wiman production of *Romeo and Juliet* opened in New York a few weeks ago, two-time Academy-Award winner Olivia de Havilland was fulfilling a high school ambition. Ever since a high school teacher took her to see Katherine Cornell in Shakespeare's tragedy of "star-crossed" lovers, Olivia had dreamed of one day playing Juliet. The acclaim she won for her memorable performances in such films as *The Heiress* and *The Snake Pit* did not keep her from her stage aspirations.

In order to play Juliet, Olivia had to turn down numerous \$200,000-per-picture offers, and she spent \$100,000 to buy up her Warner Brothers contract. As one commentator said, "Quite a price to pay for the privilege of exposing oneself to the exacting judgments of the N. Y. Drama Critics Circle!"

The night *Romeo and Juliet* opened, Olivia received a telegram from Miss Cornell which read, "Hie to high fortune!"—Juliet's line as she rushes off to meet Romeo. Olivia hopes later to take the play on tour.



6. Juliet's parents, unaware of her secret marriage, decide to wed her to another young nobleman. In despair, Juliet turns to Friar Laurence (James Hayter) who gives her a drug which will give her the semblance of death until Romeo can come to rescue her. She takes the drug, but before the Friar can tell Romeo of the sham death through a letter of explanation, other messengers tell him of Juliet's funeral.



7. The grief-stricken Romeo goes to Juliet's tomb to drink poison and die beside his wife. Reviving from her trance, Juliet sees her dead lover's body and stabs herself with his dagger. Too late the Montagues and Capulets see the folly of their bitter feud.



Photographs Courtesy of Warner Bros. Pictures

Joan Crawford plays Congresswoman Agatha Reed in *Goodbye, My Fancy*.

Good-Bye, My Fancy

THE CAST

AGATHA REED, congresswoman, author, war correspondent
 DR. JAMES MERRILL, president of Good Hope College for Girls
 MATT COLE, a *Life Magazine* photographer
 WOODY, Agatha's secretary
 GINNY MERRILL, a senior at Good Hope
 MARY NELL DODGE, Ginny's roommate
 DR. PITT, a physics professor
 MISS SHACKLEFORD, an older teacher
 CLAUDE GRISWOLD, Chairman of the Board of Trustees
 ELLEN GRISWOLD, Claude's wife and Agatha's former roommate.

The story opens as Congresswoman Agatha Reed is invited to return to her alma mater (from which she was expelled in her senior year) to receive an honorary degree and to deliver the commencement address. Although Agatha has turned down honorary degrees from several other colleges, she eagerly accepts the invitation from Good Hope.

On the eve of Agatha's departure for Good Hope, she is visited by Matt Cole, a hard-headed photographer with a wry wit whom she had known when she was covering the war fronts in Europe. After a brief romance, Agatha had stood up Matt on the evening he planned to propose. Matt, just returned

Sequences from a new Warner Brothers Film • Screen Play by Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts • Based on the Stage Play by Fay Kanin

from Europe, has come to demand a belated explanation. Agatha tells Matt, "we were a nice snapshot, but never a family portrait" and implies that she is interested in another man she knew before she met Matt.

The following scene takes place the next day as Good Hope awaits the arrival of Agatha.

Interior college bedroom. It is Agatha Reed's old room, fixed up exactly as it was in Agatha's college days. The current occupants of the room are clearing out the last of their belongings. Virginia Merrill is busy putting her clothes into a pile on the bed.

GINNY: Isn't it exciting, Mary Nell?

MARY NELL: You mean about graduation? In my case it's a miracle.

GINNY: No, I mean Agatha Reed. Imagine her living in these very rooms—studying at the same desk.

(Phone rings.)

MATT COLE'S VOICE *(over phone)*: Is Miss Reed there?

MARY NELL: No, she hasn't arrived yet.

MATT: Well, look, when Miss Reed

arrives will you tell her *Life* magazine is sending up one of their best men? Matt Cole.

MARY NELL: I certainly will! *(hangs up; turns to Ginny excitedly)* *Life's* sending up Matt Cole to cover the whole week end!

GINNY: The war photographer? Wonder why they're sending him?

MARY NELL: Maybe they're expecting trouble.

(They turn as they hear a noise. Camera pans to doorway, where Woody is paying a cab-driver. Mary Nell gasps "Oh!" Woody eyes the two startled girls, who think she is Agatha.)

GINNY *(recovering)*: I'm Ginny Merrill. This is my roommate, Mary Nell Dodge. It's a great honor to have you here.

(Close shot—Woody, looking around the room in shock and dismay. Then close on Mary Nell and Ginny staring at Woody's back, completely misinterpreting her trance-like state.)

GINNY *(awed whisper)*: Her old rooms . . . It's too much for her.

MARY NELL: Did you notice the sofa?

WOODY: Could stand recovering, couldn't it?

GINNY: They thought you'd like it this way. They carted the sofa all the way up from the basement.

WOODY: Looks like they emptied the basement!

(Girls look crestfallen.)

MARY NELL: Oh, I forgot—there was a phone call. Mr. Cole will be here as soon as he can.

WOODY: Good—we can always use an extra man. Who is he?

GINNY (frowning a little): Matt Cole from *Life* magazine.

WOODY: Oh, that kind of man.

GINNY (stiffly): We'd better go, Mary Nell, and leave Miss Reed alone—with her memories.

WOODY: Miss Reed is alone with her memories. Outside under a tree. (sees their questioning looks) Me? I just carry the typewriter.

GINNY: Oh—you're her secretary! I'm so glad!

WOODY: Don't shoot off any firecrackers about it.

MARY NELL: She must be under the willows! (The girls dash out.)

Interior—sitting room, adjoining bedroom. About an hour later. Agatha enters, her face suffused with nostalgia. She goes to the window and looks out over the campus. Finally, she turns wiping her eyes, as Woody comes in to unpack bags.

AGATHA: Woody—I haven't cried in years. It feels wonderful.

WOODY: It looks fierce.

AGATHA: You just don't understand, do you? Look out there—I bet all you see is a collection of buildings, some ivy, some students—

WOODY: What do you see?

AGATHA: Myself at 18—eager, expectant, a little frightened. Asking—what is life? What am I? This is where it all starts, Woody.

WOODY: I don't believe in looking at the past.

AGATHA: I'm sorry for you, Woody, if you don't have something like this to remember.

(Woody studies the view from the window—eager to be impressed. She isn't. Agatha exits to sitting room. There is a knock on the door. Ginny Merrill appears in the doorway.)

GINNY: I'm sorry to disturb you—but I forgot something. (Ginny fishes book from behind secret panel in desk drawer.)

AGATHA: Is it so good that you have to hide it?

GINNY: This weekend—yes. (She shows book to the puzzled Agatha. Insert shot of book held by Ginny. It is titled: "Women in the Vanguard"—by

Agatha Reed.) Dr. Pitt said we all ought to read it.

AGATHA: Your English teacher?

GINNY: No—physics. In Dr. Pitt's class you learn about everything.

AGATHA: Sounds as if I'd like to know him.

GINNY: Would you autograph it, Miss Reed.

AGATHA: I'd love to. (Agatha turns to the fly-leaf, begins to write.) "To..." (looks up)

GINNY: Virginia Merrill.

AGATHA (carefully): Your parents—will they be here for commencement?

GINNY: There's just my father. My mother died in my freshman year.

AGATHA: Oh. Does—your father have to come very far?

GINNY (uncomfortably): Well, no.

AGATHA: You're Jim Merrill's daughter!

GINNY: Why, yes.

AGATHA: I knew your father very well.

GINNY: I keep forgetting father once taught history here. Miss Reed—what was he like?

AGATHA (laughing): Very handsome! All the girls were in love with him.

GINNY: That's not what I meant. Was he, was he a good teacher?

AGATHA: Yes, very. He had a way of making history come to life.

GINNY: I wish he were still a teacher.

AGATHA: Why? Is being president of the college so bad?

GINNY: It's—different. (quickly) I'd better be going, Miss Reed.

(Ginny exits. Agatha looks after her, puzzled. Woody enters.)

WOODY: Forgot to tell you. *Life* magazine's covering the weekend.

AGATHA: How nice.

WOODY: They must think you're important. They're sending up Matt Cole.

AGATHA (startled): Who?

WOODY: Matt Cole, the war photographer.

AGATHA: You're joking?

WOODY: No. One of the kids just took the message.

AGATHA: But why should they send him? This isn't his type of thing. Get *Life* on the phone immediately. I'll put a stop to this.

WOODY: Why bother?

AGATHA: I want to bother.

WOODY: Okay. (goes to phone) Get me New York—*Life* magazine.

AGATHA: I want to speak to Henry Luce, personally.

WOODY (to operator): Make that person-to-person to Henry Luce, will you? What's all the rush?

AGATHA: I said, don't argue. We'll see about Mr. Cole coming up here.

WOODY (into phone): Hello—Mr. Luce? Just a moment, please.

AGATHA (into phone): Hello, Henry? This is Agatha Reed. I've...

(A flashbulb goes off. Agatha stiffens, makes a slow half-turn to face the door—her hand lowers phone to table. She turns to watch Matt, who smiles professionally, murmurs "Thank you," starts to wander around the room, photographing various objects. A man's voice on phone is squeaking "Hello," over and over. Woody sees that Agatha is in no state to talk.)

WOODY (into phone): Hello? . . . Mr. Luce? . . . You'll be delighted to know we're renewing our subscription.

AGATHA (tightly to Matt): What do you think you're doing?

MATT: My job. I'm a photographer.

AGATHA: Don't expect me to believe



Agatha's secretary (Eve Arden) distrusts the mood of nostalgia that engulfs her usually efficient employer upon her return to the scene of a college romance.

they picked you for this assignment.

MATT: No, as a matter of fact, I asked for it. I had a great idea for a layout—The Honorable Agatha Reed and How She Grew.

AGATHA: You'll forgive me for being naive, but I hardly think that was your only reason.

MATT (*hand upraised*): May all my best shots be out of focus!

[Matt learns that Dr. Merrill is the mysterious man in Agatha's past. She has not seen him since her senior year when she was caught climbing in a dormitory window after hours. She was expelled and left college without seeing Merrill—for fear he would tell college authorities that it was he who had kept her out late. Although only a professor at the time, Merrill's name was being considered for the presidency of the college, and Agatha did not want any scandal to hurt his chances for the post. Merrill is still in love with Agatha. Matt is cheered to learn that his rival is only "some old Mr. Chips"—until he discovers that Merrill is a distinguished and charming man.]

Medium shot. Lounge of Hope Hall. String sextet playing the last bars of a Brandenburg Concerto. Grouped around the sextet are guests—students, alumnae, faculty, etc. Matt is taking pictures. Pan along foreground spectators, beginning with Woody who is having trouble keeping awake; then hold on Claude and Ellen Griswold.

CLAUDE (*under his breath*): This the last movement?

MERRILL (*whispers to Agatha*): Claude prefers Victor Herbert.

(*Applause as the music finally comes*



Agatha autographs her book for Ginny Merrill (*Janice Rule*), daughter of a man Agatha loved, now college president.

to an end. Then pan to punch table. Dr. Pitt comes up, starts to fill a cup for himself. Matt appears.)

PITT: Would you care for a cup, Mr. Cole?

MATT: Thanks. You have to go through this every year?

PITT: Occupational hazard. But I rather enjoyed it tonight.

MATT: You mean it's been worse?

PITT: No. What I really meant was that I won't be hearing it again. Good Hope and I will soon be going our separate ways. Matter of fact, I'm almost looking forward to it. I haven't been exactly happy under the present management.

MATT (*surprised*): Dr. Merrill?

PITT: No, I was referring to our illustrious Chairman of the Board.

MATT: Doesn't the President have anything to say about it?

PITT: Oh, yes, of course—but only if Mr. Griswold has said it first.

(*Matt's mind teems with the information. He looks off to where he last saw Merrill and Griswold together.*)

PITT (*raising his glass*): Well. Here's to Saturday morning!

MATT: Saturday morning?

PITT (*smiling*): That's when I shall be asked to resign. At ten o'clock or shortly thereafter these old walls will shake with the bellowing of angry men and I shall take my departure in a blaze of futile glory.

MATT: Going to blow up the Physics Building as a farewell gesture?

PITT: Not exactly. But there will be an explosion of a kind.

MATT: What kind?

PITT: Permit that to remain my secret, Mr. Cole, until Saturday.

(*Matt leaves table and approaches Merrill and Agatha on terrace outside.*)

MERRILL: Agatha—there won't be many opportunities to be alone—and there's so much I want to say.

AGATHA: Well, we never encountered much traffic at the amphitheatre.

MERRILL (*smiles*): That's true . . . the usual time?

(*They look at each other for a moment. A flashbulb illuminates them. They turn, startled, as Matt enters shot.*)

MATT: The layout wouldn't be complete without a picture of the President and his Number One graduate.

AGATHA: Mr. Cole specializes in catching people off guard.

MATT: If this one turns out as well as I think, I'm going into business for myself. Family portraits and that kind of thing.

(*Agatha frowns. Merrill looks puzzled, as Griswold enters.*)

GRISWOLD: Oh, there you are, Jim. Now, look, I've been working on Jeff

Barnes and he's about ready to go for the new library. Now you give him the *coup de grace* with a little pep talk.

MERRILL: I'll talk to him in the morning, Claude.

GRISWOLD (*with authority*): Do it now, Jim, while he's rising to the bait.

AGATHA (*as Merrill hesitates*): I'll be all right, Jim.

GRISWOLD: Come on, Jim. (*Leads Merrill inside.*)

MATT (*sniffing*): There's a heavy odor of orange blossoms in the air. He must be quite a guy to keep a woman on the hook for twenty years.

AGATHA: Yes, he is—quite a guy.

MATT: Or else you must be getting tired.

AGATHA: Now what does that mean?

MATT: This overwhelming desire to return to the past. Girlhood memories—old sweethearts—old hat!

AGATHA: You've been on war fronts so long a decent atmosphere is bound to seem a little incongruous.

MATT: Who're you kidding? Why don't you take a good look around?

This afternoon I got some shots of the girls here—how old are they—nineteen, twenty? I found out what goes on in their little minds. Do you know what they know about the world? Europe's that way—and Asia's that way. Very cute. Open your eyes, Aggie! This is a lost world up here. And Merrill's the perfect president for it.

AGATHA: That analysis of Jim Merrill is based on one how-do-you-do!

MATT: Is it? You were a pretty good reporter once. Talk to some teachers—Doctor Pitt, for example. You might get an earful. (*walks off*)

(*Agatha stares after him, momentarily shaken. Then she moves back into lounge, where Ginny approaches her.*)

GINNY: Please forgive me, Miss Reed, but I told Dr. Pitt that you asked to see him and he'll be out here in a minute. I hope you don't mind. He's in the library having an argument with Mr. Griswold. I know what that's going to lead to. Would you pretend that you asked to see him?

AGATHA: Why, yes, of course.

GINNY: Oh, thanks, Miss Reed. They've been tryin' to get him out of here for a long time now and it's so unfair.

AGATHA: I understand.

(*Ginny hurries off; Dr. Pitt approaches.*)

PITT: Miss Reed, Ginny said you wanted to see me.

AGATHA: Yes. Yes, I did.

PITT: Thank you. I have a feeling I'm being saved.

AGATHA (*laughing*): Well, I did want a chance to talk to you before the weekend was over.



PITT: Why?

AGATHA (*smiling*): Well, for one thing because you recommended my book to your students. You know, I've always been curious about what makes someone become a teacher. It must be that one day you decide that the mind of a person is the most exciting thing in the world.

PITT: Isn't that a little romantic?

AGATHA: I think all of us who believe in the future have to be a little romantic. I understand there's some question of your staying on here.

PITT: I teach physics, Miss Reed. Only sometimes I don't. Sometimes I talk about other things, the daily headlines, the situation in Asia, the United Nations, the growing threats to our own freedom while we fight the lack of freedom elsewhere. You see, I have the dangerous misconception that the object of education is to teach the young to think. The Griswolds don't agree. They're afraid of too much open and free discussion. So they want me to resign unless I stick to the text. Maybe they're right and "ignorance is bliss." If they don't care enough, why should I? Let their daughters bring their knitting to classes and read their trashy novels inside their notebook covers. Let them all be wiped off the face of the earth without even knowing why!

AGATHA (*quietly*): Dr. Pitt, I respect your fears. I'm frightened, myself. Anyone who isn't frightened today is a fool. But I never get angry at the fools, only at the wise men who see the danger and run away. We all know that there are

men who are afraid to let education have a mind and a voice. But you can get the support of your president and then make a real fight of it.

PITT (*after a pause*): Dr. Merrill? Our eminent president long ago gave up battles in exchange for buildings. You don't believe me?

AGATHA: No, I don't.

PITT: Then there's nothing more to say.

AGATHA: You're going to leave Good Hope then?

PITT: A muzzle is for animals, Miss Reed.

(*He walks off. Agatha looks after him troubled.*)

Exterior College amphitheatre. Night. Agatha, a solitary shadowed figure is seen sitting on one of the benches waiting for Merrill at their old rendezvous. Merrill approaches.

MERRILL: On my way here Dr. Pitt stopped me. He wanted to talk to me about something you said to him.

AGATHA: Yes, Jim, I've been thinking about that. I had no right to meddle.

MERRILL: In this case you had every right.

AGATHA: What did you decide?

MERRILL: I asked him to remain here. That's what you expected, isn't it?

AGATHA: It's what I hoped for. But what about Claude Griswold?

MERRILL: Well, I imagine there'll be some tearing of hair at first—but I'm certain I can manage the situation so that both sides appear to win.

Frank Lovejoy plays the *Life* photographer who shares Agatha's views on current issues. He banks on her intelligence to show her that his rival, Dr. Merrill, is no longer the strong-willed educator she knew as a student at Good Hope.

AGATHA: Jim, that's wonderful! You had me scared for a moment. I thought you'd gone over to the side of the "educaterers."

MERRILL (*amused by the word*): What?

AGATHA: Don't you remember? It's what you used to call educators with banquet-side manners.

MERRILL: I haven't used the word for so long. Funny you should remember it. You've heard so many people say so many things since then.

AGATHA (*quietly*): But you were the first, Jim. The first who ever said anything that mattered.

MERRILL (*smiles*): I remember the last time we were here. We were very young, very much in love.

AGATHA: And you proposed to me. Right up there, Jim. Section C—Row B—66 and 68.

MERRILL: Agatha—if I were to ask you again—is there any chance the answer might be the same?

AGATHA: Always on second proposals. (*She goes into his arms.*)

MERRILL: You won't run away again? (*She shakes her head—he extracts note-paper from pocket.*) Then I can tear this up.

AGATHA: What is it?

MERRILL: The note you left for me.

AGATHA: You kept it?

MERRILL: Yes. But I never quite forgave myself for introducing you to the beauties of Walt Whitman.

AGATHA (*takes paper—and without looking at it*): "Good-bye, my fancy, Farewell, dear mate, dear love, I'm going away, I know not where."

MERRILL: "—or to what fortune, or whether I may ever see you again. So good-bye, my fancy."

(*A moment of silence. Then slowly, Agatha tears the note-paper to bits, scatters it to the wind.*)

AGATHA: From now on, Jim, it'll be—goodnight, my fancy.

Exterior Administration building. Next day. Dr. Pitt comes out of building, crosses toward campus. At the bottom of the steps Matt is photographing six girls.

MATT: Thank you, girls. That'll be all. (*Girls leave*) Good morning, Dr. Pitt. I hear congratulations are in order. Miss Reed tells me you're going to stay.

PITT: They may change their minds again.

MATT: Really? Why?

PITT: There's still Saturday morning.

MATT (looks up hopefully): You mean "the explosion" is still on?

PITT: Sorry, Mr. Cole. That's still my secret.

(Miss Shackleford approaches, as Matt stares thoughtfully after Pitt.)

MATT: Oh, Miss Shackleford—what's happening Saturday morning at ten?

SHACKLEFORD: Saturday at ten? That's the film showing.

MATT: What else is going on?

SHACKLEFORD: Nothing but Miss Reed's film.

MATT: Miss Reed's film?

SHACKLEFORD: Command to the Future. She brought it from Washington.

MATT: Anybody seen it yet?

SHACKLEFORD: I don't think so. But I'm certain it's charming.

MATT: It's better than that. Mr. Griswold hasn't seen it, either?

SHACKLEFORD: No, I don't think anyone but Dr. Pitt has seen it. It was his suggestion that we send for it.

(Shackleford goes off; Matt starts to the administration building whistling gaily—the Alma Mater, no less.)

Interior sitting room. Agatha paces the floor dictating her Commencement speech to Woody. Miss Shackleford enters (with Ellen, Ginny, Ginny's roommate, and Matt in tow.)

MATT (cheerfully): Miss Shackleford had the wonderful idea of photographing the two girls who live here now with the occupants of yesteryear. Can you suggest a "representative" pose of your student days, Miss Reed?

AGATHA (icily): I wouldn't remember.

MATT: Mrs. Griswold?

ELLEN: Well, Ag always loved to lie

on her stomach on the floor, with a pillow under her.

AGATHA: Something in a chair near the desk would do.

MATT: Inspired! (Agatha complies) And Mrs. Griswold—leaning on the desk, I think. Oh, I meant to ask you, Mrs. Griswold, did your husband get that matter settled with Dr. Merrill?

ELLEN: He's with him now . . . It seems Claude's a little worried about that movie of yours, Ag. Mr. Cole was telling him something about it. (Agatha looks quickly at Matt.)

MATT: I told Mr. Griswold it was one of the few I'd ever seen that really said something. Wished I'd made it myself. (turns to girls) And now let's have today's children in the same positions, please.

(The girls take their positions.)

AGATHA: Ellen—why should Claude be worried?

ELLEN: Well, perhaps "worried" isn't the exact word, Ag. It was just a sort of a growl he gave, really. But don't worry about it. Claude's taking it up with Jim now.

MATT: Well, you couldn't ask for two better men to handle it. (phone rings)

(Miss Shackleford takes the call. During following, she makes an attempt to conceal the nature of the call, but her embarrassment is transparent.)

SHACKLEFORD (into phone): Hello? . . . Yes, Mr. Griswold. (lowers voice) Yes, I did, Mr. Griswold . . . Well, you see, I—you see, I—it's very difficult for me to—(with some dignity) Mr. Griswold, I admit I wrote and asked for—the object of our discussion. But it was Doctor Pitt who told me what—(Griswold's voice can be heard yelling:

"Pitt!") Yes, sir. I'll arrange it as soon as I can. (hangs up).

MATT: I hope I haven't started any trouble.

AGATHA: I'm sure Dr. Merrill is quite capable of handling the situation.

MATT: Fine. Otherwise, I'd have this on my conscience.

(They turn. Merrill stands in the doorway.)

AGATHA: I hear that Claude is a little concerned about that film of mine. I hope you reassured him?

MERRILL: Well, I had to admit I didn't know too much about it myself. (There is an awkward pause.)

MATT: Shall we take the other pictures, girls?

MARY NELL: Yes, of course. Down in the lounge.

(As they all exit, Matt gives Agatha and Merrill a glance.)

MERRILL: Darling, I'm terribly sorry this happened. I forgot to ask you anything about the picture. When it came up I didn't know what to say.

AGATHA: Do you think I'd have brought anything unsuitable?

MERRILL (laughing): Of course not.

AGATHA: Jim, I spent five years in Europe and I had an opportunity to see what happened in those countries where freedom was destroyed. The first step was always the same. They began by putting a blanket over education. That's what the film's about. Actual newsreel shots of some of the dreadful things that have happened in our time. How they burned the books and sent the scholars into slave labor camps. How they hanged the teachers by their feet in the public squares because they dared to teach the truth. Do you think I want to see that happen in this country?

MERRILL: Now, please don't be upset, darling. We'll straighten it out. In fact, I don't need to see the picture. I know it's all right. Besides, there's something the matter with my eyes, anyway. I can't seem to see anything but you—You haven't forgotten there's a step-sing before the prom? I'll pick you up.

Interior Agatha's sitting room, about an hour later. There is a knock at the door. Agatha calls "Come in" and Ginny enters.

GINNY (abruptly): Miss Reed—is it a good film? The one you brought?

AGATHA: Naturally, I'd think so.

GINNY: Would you call it dangerous?

AGATHA: Well, if you set a match to it, it would burn; but otherwise (laughing) no! Why?

GINNY: They're having a meeting about it at my father's house and—(in a rush) some people think the president



Agatha is disturbed by a talk with a physics professor (Morgan Farley) who is about to be dismissed because he encourages students to discuss world affairs.

of a college has the right to make decisions on things. But he doesn't. He has to check everything with the trustees.

AGATHA: You mean they may not run the film?

GINNY: It's like I told you, Miss Reed. Being president is different from just being a professor. You have more responsibility, so you have to make more concessions. Oh, he's done wonderful things for the school. Seven new buildings in ten years! (*sobbing*) And last year they named him the most successful college administrator east of the Rockies. Isn't that something to be proud of? I'm so proud I could—(*she turns away and buries her face in her hands.*) I'm so ashamed. Oh, if I could only get away from here.

AGATHA: Don't be silly, Ginny. You're graduating tomorrow.

GINNY: Why should I stand up there and let them hand me a diploma when I know it doesn't mean anything?

AGATHA: That's not so. It's yours for what you've learned here.

GINNY: What have I learned? That my father's a coward? That he's so afraid of losing his job he's lost everything else he ever believed in?

AGATHA: When you left the house, had they decided not to run the film?

GINNY: No, but—

AGATHA: Then how do you know he hasn't fought them on this. Sometimes a man needs a certain moment. Maybe this is it, for him.

GINNY: Oh, Miss Reed! You just don't understand!

AGATHA: Ginny! I want to tell you something, something I'm sure you don't know. I was expelled from this college. Because I stayed out after hours with a man. We were very much in love and planning to be married. But I ran away so I wouldn't hurt his chances of becoming president. Even at 18 I knew how important it was for a man like him to be the president of a college. Because he had great strength and integrity and the courage of his convictions—I think your father remembers that today. I think he'd like to be that man again. Let's not turn away from him now when he needs us the most.

GINNY (*after a long moment*): I should have known. Whenever he talked about you, he was different. I never really gave him up. I just needed someone else to believe in him, too.

(*Ginny exits, but there is a troubled look on Agatha's face.*)

Interior lounge of Hope Hall. Merrill (*in tails*), Griswold (*tuxedo*), and Ellen (*evening gown*) enter. Agatha comes down stairs.

MERRILL: Hello, Agatha. We thought we might as well make it a foursome.

GRISWOLD: How do we stack up against the wolves of yesterday, Miss Reed?

ELLEN: They had more hair.

GRISWOLD: But less money—eh, Jim? (*laughs*)

MERRILL: Speak for yourself, Claude.

GRISWOLD: Now don't let him give you the impression education doesn't pay, Miss Reed. I know. I sign the checks. (*Merrill flushes*) Don't get embarrassed, Jim. It's worth every cent to have a president who can wear tails like you do.

AGATHA (*breaking in*): How did you like the movie, Mr. Griswold?

GRISWOLD: Well—it's no Abbott and Costello.

ELLEN: They're Claude's favorites.

GRISWOLD: It's all right to make pictures like yours, Miss Reed, as long as—

AGATHA: As long as nobody sees them?

GRISWOLD: As long as you're careful who you show them to. Don't forget, Miss Reed, you're a special kind of woman. You've been out in the field and on the war fronts. You've got a kind of toughness about this sort of thing. More like—well, more like a man.

AGATHA: I'm sure you intended that as a compliment.

MERRILL: What Claude meant was—

AGATHA: —that I'm a very superior woman because I can face ugly things without turning my head away. But those other poor creatures, the rest of my sex, we must be very careful to spare them because they have such delicate stomachs.

GRISWOLD: Well, haven't they?

AGATHA: What do you think of that description of women, Ellen? (*Ellen looks from Agatha to her husband in disturbed bewilderment.*)

GRISWOLD: Now, look, Miss Reed, I gave these kids a motion picture machine because I thought they'd get a kick out of seeing movies right here on the campus. But why show them this kind of stuff? Life's tough enough without drumming their heads full of problems.

AGATHA: That's a very interesting theory of education—is it yours?

GRISWOLD: No. I leave the theories to the experts like Jim. I just know what I like and what I don't like.

AGATHA: And you don't like a film which makes a plea for academic freedom? Mr. Griswold, we're trying to sell the idea of freedom and democracy to the rest of the world. How can we succeed if we're afraid of it ourselves?

GRISWOLD: I don't give a hoot about the rest of the world, Miss Reed! All I care about is protecting the minds of the young people here.

AGATHA: And you're going to do that

by preventing them from discussing any of the serious questions facing us today. That's not protecting them, Mr. Griswold. A college is where the future of the world begins and professors aren't intellectual baby-sitters. It's their job to bring some light into this muddled world. But you've put a stop to that. The girls that graduate from this college tomorrow aren't prepared for the world they'll have to face. Yet you're content to hand it to them and say: "Fight for it, die for it; but don't understand it."

GRISWOLD: Miss Reed, I can see why you start so much fireworks down there in Congress. But here at Good Hope—

MERRILL: Claude, please let me handle this.

GRISWOLD: There's no handling to it, Jim. Let's stop beating around the bush. We've cancelled the showing of the film, Miss Reed. There'll be a statement that the schedule got overcrowded. I'm sorry this had to happen, Miss Reed. Nothing personal in it at all.

MERRILL: Claude, I'd like to speak to Miss Reed alone.

(*Griswold and Ellen exit.*)

AGATHA: Jim, did you see the film?

MERRILL: Yes.

AGATHA: Well, did you think it was wrong for your students to see?

MERRILL (*after a struggle*): No, Agatha, I realize how embarrassing it is for you to have brought a film here—

AGATHA (*aghast*): Could you possibly believe my vanity's concerned in this?

MERRILL: I'm just asking you to try to see my position. I can't always bluster through my own opinions. There are times when I have to bow to—

AGATHA: Claude?

MERRILL: You're exaggerating Claude's importance in this whole affair.

AGATHA: Am I? When he and not you seems to be the real judge of what should be taught at this college? Do you respect him as an educator?

MERRILL: He doesn't pretend to be that. He's a business man. He gives money. He wants his say. Why do you look so shocked?

AGATHA: I'm not . . . just frightened.

MERRILL: Good heavens, Agatha. I have to run this school. That means getting buildings, endowments. It's part of the job. So I've learned to compromise. I give in on smaller issues so I can win on the larger ones.

AGATHA: And what are the larger issues?

MERRILL (*after a pause*): Suppose I fought Griswold on this to a showdown? It would be a heroic gesture and I'd be out of here tomorrow.

AGATHA: Would you? You used to love a fight like that.

MERRILL: Well, things are quite different now. I have Ginny to think of.

AGATHA: There's no need to lie to me. I've talked to her. And if you're not careful you're going to lose her.

MERRILL (*angrily*): What have you been telling her?

AGATHA: Oh, dreadful things. That you have courage. That you have integrity. (*Merrill turns to the window; she knows she's reaching him*) I didn't just say it. I believe it, Jim. Stand up to Griswold. Not for me. Not even for Ginny. For yourself. (*There is a poignant silence. Agatha can see the struggle mirrored in his back. Then, slowly, he turns. She can see that he doesn't have the courage to go through with it.*) All right, I'm not going to plead with you any more. I know when I'm beaten. I'm going to make a deal with you. A business deal.

MERRILL: What are you talking about?

AGATHA: A few minutes ago I assured your daughter that you'd run this picture tomorrow. I don't like to think of her finding out that you won't. So I'm afraid you're going to do it. With or without Mr. Griswold's consent. And in exchange for that small service, I'll give you my personal guarantee that the *Life* article won't even hint at the colorful events leading up to my expulsion from this seat of higher learning. (*Merrill stares at her.*) You can imagine how excited Matt Cole would be, stumbling across such a beautiful tale of love and sacrifice: A daring young girl caught climbing in her dormitory window—see picture of window on preceding page—braving the perils of expulsion rather than blight the budding career of her true love. And now, twenty years later—the girl, a Congresswoman, asked back to her college for an honorary degree. And her “true love”—hold on to your hats now, folks—the president of the college!

MERRILL: I can't believe you'd—

AGATHA: Why not? You see, I know that you're afraid and it's only a question of the lesser of two evils! Whether you risk being removed from here by running the picture, or whether you accept the certainty of being removed when this story breaks.

MERRILL: I'd never believe this could happen. Not after last night.

AGATHA: Last night was 20 years ago.

Interior Agatha's sitting room. Next day. Agatha enters, distraught. She moves to the desk, glances briefly at her commencement speech, then flings it in waste basket. There is a knock on the door. Merrill enters.

MERRILL: What are you doing?



Dr. Merrill (Robert Young) admits to Agatha that he has become an “educaterer”—an educator with banquet-side manners.

AGATHA: I'm leaving, Jim. My speech is in the wastebasket there. If I had to stand up and say it I'd choke on every word. You can say I sent you a telegram, that I was ill, that I was needed in Washington! Jim! I was wrong last night, to expect you to be the same man I remembered. Nothing stays the same. And I was wrong to think I could help you win back your daughter. I can't blackmail you for the rest of your life. It's better that she know the truth now. (*There is a knock on the door.*) Who is it?

GINNY: It's Ginny, Miss Reed!

AGATHA: Come in, Ginny.

GINNY: We saw your picture, Miss Reed. It was wonderful. I wish you'd been there, Father. (*gasping*) Some of the girls cried and some of them were shocked. They didn't all understand it, but I'm sure none of them will ever forget it. It was the best graduation present you could have given the senior class. And me. (*Kisses him; Merrill stands rigid.*)

MERRILL: Ginny, you haven't kissed me in a long time. I'm very grateful. But I can't accept it under false pretenses. I had the movie shown—but not for the reason you think. I did it because Miss Reed gave me an alternative that—left me no choice. I don't want any more lies between us. I (*sighing*) haven't been much of a father for quite a while. (*Ginny chokes back tears.*) And I am sorry! Ginny, I didn't tell you this to hurt you.

GINNY: You've forgotten a lot of things about me, haven't you? That I don't just cry when I'm sad; that I cry just as much when I'm happy! (*embracing him*) I don't care why you showed the film. I never wanted you to be a hero. I just wanted you to be honest with me. And with yourself. (*Ellen hurries in breathless.*)

ELLEN: Jim, what is all this non-

sense? Claude's terribly upset! He's been on the phone all morning! First when he heard about the movie. And then, then, right out of the blue, this, this resignation thing! Oh, I read your letter, Jim, and it was just beautiful. Especially that part about self-respect. About you feeling like a—Oh, what was it? It has something to do with eating.

AGATHA: An educaterer?

ELLEN: Why, yes, Ag. How clever of you!

AGATHA: Jim, why did you do it?

MERRILL: I stood in back of the theatre this morning and watched them looking at the picture. Suddenly I realized I had almost not let them see it. That's when I knew that everything you said last night was true. That I had no right to be the president of this college, or any college.

ELLEN (*shocked*): Why, Ag, how could you say such a thing? I can't think of this college without Jim! And neither can the board! Why, you should hear them all shouting back there at home about how much good you've done for the school. And about what a row the students would raise if they heard about it! Wouldn't they, Ginny?

GINNY: They'd raise a heck of a row!

ELLEN: Why, I'd even resign as alumnae president!

MERRILL: Thank you, Ellen.

MARY NELL (*calling from hall*): Hey, Ginny! It's commencement!

GINNY: Coming. (*to Merrill*) I always wondered why they called it commencement. Now I know.

ELLEN: Well, I'd better be leaving, too. I just wanted to ask you to reconsider, Jim. And—you won't mention this to Claude, will you, that I came over? It's very important for a man like Claude, to think everything is his own idea.

MERRILL: I'm afraid I've been underestimating you, Ellen.

ELLEN: You forget, I was in your history class, too! (*gives them a bright smile and exits.*)

AGATHA: Will you reconsider? I think it's very important to Good Hope that you stay on.

MERRILL (*quietly*): When I came in here I wanted to tell you again how much I love you. That I didn't have much hope for it after last night. But that somehow, today—I know we're different people than we were twenty years ago. I know that a lot of things have changed. But I wouldn't want to go through the rest of my life feeling I hadn't tried. Do I have a chance?

AGATHA: You might have had a very good chance, Jim. Except that, well, you see, we only met today. Just now, really. And there's someone who has a few years start on you.

Pepe sought sanctuary in the mountains;

he was a man at last—but the bitter

knowledge was born of terror; a novelette

By JOHN STEINBECK

FLIGHT

ABOUT fifteen miles below Monterey, on the wild coast, the Torres family had their farm, a few sloping acres above a cliff that dropped to the brown reefs and to the hissing white waters of the ocean. Behind the farm the stone mountains stood up against the sky. The farm buildings huddled like little clinging aphids on the mountain skirts, crouched low to the ground as though the wind might blow them into the sea. The little shack, the rattling, rotting barn were grey-bitten with sea salt, beaten by the damp wind until they had taken on the color of the granite hills.

Two horses, a red cow and a red calf, half a dozen pigs and a flock of lean, multicolored chickens stocked the place. A little corn was raised on the sterile slope, and it grew short and thick under the wind, and all the cobs formed on the landward sides of the stalks.

Mama Torres, a lean, dry woman with ancient eyes, had ruled the farm for ten years, ever since her husband tripped over a stone in the field one day and fell full length on a rattlesnake. When one is bitten on the chest there is not much that can be done.

Mama Torres had three children, two undersized ones of 12 and 14, Emilio and Rosy, whom Mama kept fishing on the rocks below the farm when the sea was kind and when the truant officer was in some distant part of Monterey County. And there was Pepe, the tall smiling son of 19, a gentle, affectionate boy, but very lazy.

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Pepe had a tall head, pointed at the top, and from its peak, coarse black hair grew down like a thatch all around. Over his smiling little eyes, Mama cut a straight bang so he could see. Pepe had sharp Indian cheek bones and an eagle nose, but his mouth was as sweet and shapely as a girl's mouth, and his chin was fragile and chiseled. He was loose and gangling, all legs and feet and wrists, and he was very lazy. Mama thought him fine and brave, but she never told him so. She said, "Some lazy cow must have got into thy father's family, else how could I have a son like thee." And she said, "When I carried thee, a sneaking lazy coyote came out of the brush and looked at me one day. That must have made thee so."

Pepe smiled sheepishly and stabbed at the ground with his knife to keep the blade sharp and free from rust. It was his inheritance, that knife, his father's knife. The long heavy blade folded back into the black handle. There was a button on the handle. When Pepe pressed the button, the blade leaped out ready for use. The knife was with Pepe always, for it had been his father's knife.

One sunny morning when the sea below the cliff was glinting and blue and the white surf creamed on the reef, when even the stone mountains looked kindly, Mama Torres called out the door of the shack, "Pepe, I have a labor for thee."

There was no answer. Mama listened. From behind the barn she heard a burst of laughter. She lifted her full long skirt and walked in the direction of the noise.

Pepe was sitting on the ground with his back against a box. His white teeth glistened. On either side of him stood the two little ones, tense and expectant. Fifteen feet away a redwood post was set in the ground. Pepe's right hand lay limply in his lap, and in the palm the

big black knife rested. The blade was closed back into the handle. Pepe looked smiling at the sky.

Suddenly Emilio cried. "Ya!"

Pepe's wrist flicked like the head of a snake. The blade seemed to fly open in mid-air, and with a thump the point dug into the redwood post, and the black handle quivered. The three burst into excited laughter. Rosy ran to the post and pulled out the knife and brought it back to Pepe. He closed the blade and settled the knife carefully in his listless palm again. He grinned self-consciously at the sky.

"Ya!"

The heavy knife janced out and sunk into the post again. Mama moved forward like a ship and scattered the play.

"All day you do foolish things with the knife, like a toy-baby," she stormed. "Get up on thy huge feet that eat up shoes. Get up!" She took him by one loose shoulder and hoisted at him. Pepe grinned sheepishly and came half-heartedly to his feet. "Look!" Mama cried. "Big lazy, you must catch the horse and put on him thy father's saddle. You must ride to Monterey. The medicine bottle is empty. There is no salt. Go thou now, Peanut! Catch the horse."

A revolution took place in the relaxed figure of Pepe. "To Monterey, me? Alone? Si, Mama."

She scowled at him. "Do not think, big sheep, that you will buy candy. No, I will give you only enough for the medicine and the salt."

Pepe smiled. "Mama, you will put the hatband on the hat?"

She relented then. "Yes, Pepe. You may wear the hatband."

His voice grew insinuating, "And the green handkerchief, Mama?"

"Yes, if you go quickly and return with no trouble, the silk green handkerchief will go. If you make sure to take

off the handkerchief when you eat so no spot may fall on it. . . ."

"Si, Mama. I will be careful. I am a man."

"Thou? A man? Thou art a peanut."

He went into the rickety barn and brought out a rope, and he walked agilely enough up the hill to catch the horse.

When he was ready and mounted before the door, mounted on his father's saddle that was so old that the oaken frame showed through torn leather in many places, then Mama brought out the round black hat with the tooled leather band, and she reached up and knotted the green silk handkerchief about his neck. Pepe's blue denim coat was much darker than his jeans, for it had been washed much less often.

Mama handed up the big medicine bottle and the silver coins. "That for the medicine," she said, "and that for the salt. That for a candle to burn for the papa. That for *dulces* for the little ones. Our friend Mrs. Rodriguez will give you dinner and maybe a bed for the night. When you go to the church say only ten Paternosters and only twenty-five Ave Marias. Oh! I know, big coyote. You would sit there flapping your mouth over Aves all day while you looked at the candles and the holy pictures. That is not good devotion to stare at the pretty things."

THE black hat, covering the high pointed head and black thatched hair of Pepe, gave him dignity and age. He sat the rangy horse well. Mama thought how handsome he was, dark and lean and tall. "I would not send thee now alone, thou little one, except for the medicine," she said softly. "It is not good to have no medicine, for who knows when the toothache will come, or the sadness of the stomach. These things are."

"Adios, Mama," Pepe cried. "I will come back soon. You may send me often alone. I am a man."

"Thou art a foolish chicken."

He straightened his shoulders, flipped the reins against the horse's shoulder and rode away. He turned once and saw that they still watched him, Emilio and Rosy and Mama. Pepe grinned with pride and gladness and lifted the tough buckskin horse to a trot. *

When he had dropped out of sight over a little dip in the road, Mama turned to the little ones, but she spoke to herself. "He is nearly a man now," she said. "It will be a nice thing to have a man in the house again." Her eyes sharpened on the children. "Go to the rocks now. The tide is going out. There will be abalones to be found."

She put the iron hooks into their hands and saw them down the steep trail to the reefs. She brought the smooth stone *metate* to the doorway and sat grinding her corn to flour and looking occasionally at the road over which Pepe had gone. The noonday came and then the afternoon, when the little ones beat the abalones on a rock to make them tender and Mama patted the tortillas to make them thin. They ate their dinner as the red sun was plunging down toward the ocean. They sat on the doorsteps and watched the big white moon come over the mountain tops.

Mama said, "He is now at the house of our friend Mrs. Rodriguez. She will give him nice things to eat and maybe a present."

Emilio said, "Some day I too will ride to Monterey for medicine. Did Pepe come to be a man today?"

Mama said wisely. "A boy gets to be a man when a man is needed. Remember this thing. I have known boys 40 years old because there was no need for a man."

Soon afterwards they retired, Mama in her big oak bed on one side of the room, Emilio and Rosy in their boxes full of straw and sheepskins on the other side of the room.

The moon went over the sky and the surf roared on the rocks. The roosters crowed the first call. The surf subsided to a whispering surge against the reef. The moon dropped toward the sea. The roosters crowed again.

The moon was near down to the water when Pepe rode on a winded horse to his home flat. His dog bounced out and circled the horse yelping with pleasure. Pepe slid off the saddle to the ground. The weathered little shack was silver in the moonlight and the square shadow of it was black to the north and east. Against the east the piling mountains were misty with light; their tops melted into the sky.

Pepe walked wearily up the three steps and into the house. It was dark inside. There was a rustle in the corner.

Mama cried out from her bed. "Who comes? Pepe, is it thou?"

"Si, Mama."

"Did you get the medicine?"

"Si, Mama."

"Well, go to sleep, then. I thought you would be sleeping at the house of Mrs. Rodriguez." Pepe stood silently in the dark room. "Why do you stand there, Pepe?"

His voice was tired and patient, but very firm. "Light the candle, Mama. I must go away into the mountains."

"What is this, Pepe? You are crazy." Mama struck a sulphur match and held the little blue burr until the flame spread up the stick. She set light to the candle

on the floor beside her bed. "Now, Pepe, what is this you say?" She looked anxiously into his face.

He was changed. The fragile quality seemed to have gone from his chin. His mouth was less full than it had been, the lines of the lips were straighter, but in his eyes the greatest change had taken place. There was no laughter in them any more, nor any bashfulness. They were sharp and bright and purposeful.

HE told her in a tired monotone, told her everything just as it had happened. A few people came into the kitchen of Mrs. Rodriguez. There was wine to drink. Pepe drank wine. The little quarrel—the man started toward Pepe and then the knife—it went almost by itself. It flew, it darted before Pepe knew it. As he talked, Mama's face grew stern, and it seemed to grow more green. Pepe finished. "I am a man now, Mama. The man said names to me I could not allow."

Mama nodded. "Yes, thou art a man, my poor little Pepe. Thou art a man. I have seen it coming on thee. I have watched you throwing the knife into the post, and I have been afraid." For a moment her face had softened, but now it grew stern again. "Come! We must get you ready. Go. Awaken Emilio and Rosy. Go quickly."

Pepe stepped over to the corner where his brother and sister slept among the sheepskins. He leaned down and shook them gently. "Come, Rosy! Come, Emilio! The Mama says you must arise."

The little ones sat up and rubbed their eyes in the candlelight. Mama was out of bed now, her long black skirt over her nightgown. "Emilio," she cried. "Go up and catch the other horse for Pepe. Quickly, now! Quickly." Emilio put his legs into his overalls and stumbled sleepily out the door.

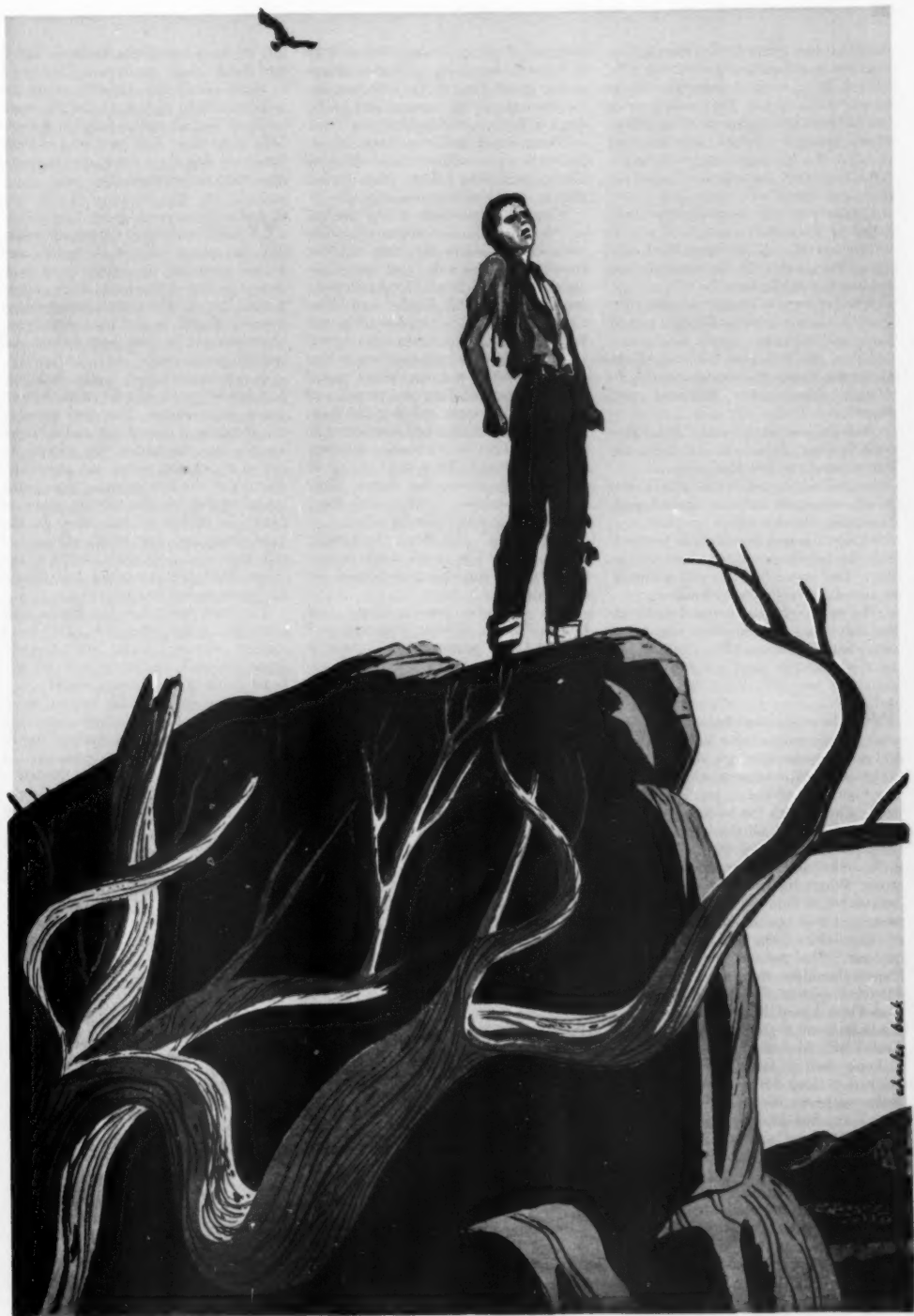
"You heard no one behind you on the road?" Mama demanded.

"No, Mama. I listened carefully. No one was on the road."

Mama darted like a bird about the room. From a nail on the wall she took a canvas water bag and threw it on the floor. She stripped a blanket from her bed and rolled it into a tight tube and tied the ends with string. From a box beside the stove she lifted a flour sack half full of black stringy jerky. "Your father's black coat, Pepe. Here, put it on."

Pepe stood in the middle of the floor

Illustration on facing page by Charles Beck
Pepe crawled slowly to the top of a big rock . . . Once there he arose, swaying to his feet, and stood erect.



watching her activity. She reached behind the door and brought out the rifle, a long 38-56, worn shiny the whole length of the barrel. Pepe took it from her and held it in the crook of his elbow. Mama brought a little leather bag and counted the cartridges into his hand. "Only ten left," she warned. "You must not waste them."

Emilio put his head in the door. "Qui 'st 'l caballo, Mama."

"Put on the saddle from the other horse. Tie on the blanket. Here, tie the jerky to the saddle horn."

Still Pepe stood silently watching his mother's frantic activity. His chin looked hard, and his sweet mouth was drawn and thin. His little eyes followed Mama about the room almost suspiciously.

Rosy asked softly, "Where goes Pepe?"

Mama's eyes were fierce. "Pepe goes on a journey. Pepe is a man now. He has a man's thing to do."

Pepe straightened his shoulders. His mouth changed until he looked very much like Mama.

At last the preparation was finished. The loaded horse stood outside the door. The water bag dripped a line of moisture down the bay shoulder.

The moonlight was being thinned by the dawn and the big white moon was near down to the sea. The family stood by the shack.

MAMA confronted Pepe. "Look, my son! Do not stop until it is dark again. Do not sleep even though you are tired. Take care of the horse in order that he may not stop of weariness. Remember to be careful with the bullets—there are only ten. Do not fill thy stomach with jerky or it will make thee sick. Eat a little jerky and fill thy stomach with grass. When thou comest to the high mountains, if thou seest any of the dark watching men, go not near to them nor try to speak to them. And forget not thy prayers." She put her lean hands on Pepe's shoulders, stood on her toes and kissed him formally on both cheeks, and Pepe kissed her on both cheeks. Then he went to Emilio and Rosy and kissed both of their cheeks.

Pepe turned back to Mama. He seemed to look for a little softness, a little weakness in her. His eyes were searching, but Mama's face remained fierce. "Go now," she said. "Do not wait to be caught like a chicken."

Pepe pulled himself into the saddle. "I am a man," he said.

It was the first dawn when he rode up the hill toward the little canyon which let a trail into the mountains. Moonlight and daylight fought with each other, and the two warring quali-

ties made it difficult to see. Before Pepe had gone a hundred yards, the outlines of his figure were misty; and long before he entered the canyon, he had become a grey, indefinite shadow.

Mama stood stiffly in front of her doorstep, and on either side of her stood Emilio and Rosy. They cast furtive glances at Mama now and then.

When the grey shape of Pepe melted into the hillside and disappeared, Mama relaxed. She began the high, whining keen of the death wail. "Our beautiful—our brave," she cried. "Our protector, our son is gone." Emilio and Rosy moaned beside her. "Our beautiful—our brave, he is gone." It was the formal wail. It rose to a high piercing whine and subsided to a moan. Mama raised it three times and then she turned and went into the house and shut the door.

Emilio and Rosy stood wondering in the dawn. They heard Mama whimpering in the house. They went out to sit on the cliff above the ocean. They touched shoulders. "When did Pepe come to be a man?" Emilio asked.

"Last night," said Rosy. "Last night in Monterey." The ocean clouds turned red with the sun that was behind the mountains.

"We will have no breakfast," said Emilio. "Mama will not want to cook." Rosy did not answer him. "Where is Pepe gone?" he asked.

Rosy looked around at him. She drew her knowledge from the quiet air. "He has gone on a journey. He will never come back."

"Is he dead? Do you think he is dead?"

Rosy looked back at the ocean again. A little steamer, drawing a line of smoke

sat on the edge of the horizon. "He is not dead," Rosy explained. "Not yet."

Pepe rested the big rifle across the saddle in front of him. He let the horse walk up the hill and he didn't look back. The stony slope took on a coat of short brush so that Pepe found the entrance to a trail and entered it.

WHEN he came to the canyon opening, he swung once in his saddle and looked back, but the houses were swallowed in the misty light. Pepe jerked forward again. The high shoulder of the canyon closed in on him. His horse stretched out its neck and sighed and settled to the trail.

It was a well-worn path, dark soft leaf-mould earth strewn with broken pieces of sandstone. The trail rounded the shoulder of the canyon and dropped steeply into the bed of the stream. In the shallows the water ran smoothly, glinting in the first morning sun. Small round stones on the bottom were as brown as rust with sun moss. In the sand along the edges of the stream the tall, rich wild mint grew, while in the water itself the cress, old and tough, had gone to heavy seed.

The path went into the stream and emerged on the other side. The horse sloshed into the water and stopped. Pepe dropped his bridle and let the beast drink of the running water.

Soon the canyon sides became steep and the first giant sentinel redwoods guarded the trail, great round red trunks bearing foliage as green and lacy as ferns. Once Pepe was among the trees, the sun was lost. A perfumed and purple light lay in the pale green of the



underbrush. Gooseberry bushes and blackberries and tall ferns lined the stream, and overhead the branches of the redwoods met and cut off the sky.

Pepe drank from the water bag, and he reached into the flour sack and brought out a black string of jerky. His white teeth gnawed at the string until the tough meat parted. He chewed slowly and drank occasionally from the water bag. His little eyes were slumberous and tired, but the muscles of his face were hard set. The earth of the trail was black now. It gave up a hollow sound under the walking hoofbeats.

The stream fell more sharply. Little waterfalls splashed on the stones. Five-fingered ferns hung over the water and dripped spray from their fingertips. Pepe rode half over his saddle, dangling one leg loosely. He picked a bay leaf from a tree beside the way and put it into his mouth for a moment to flavor the dry jerky. He held the gun loosely across the pommel.

Suddenly he squared in his saddle, swung the horse from the trail and kicked it hurriedly up behind a big redwood tree. He pulled up the reins tight against the bit to keep the horse from whinnying. His face was intent and his nostrils quivered a little.

A hollow pounding came down the trail, and a horseman rode by, a fat man with red cheeks and a white stubble beard. His horse put down its head and blubbered at the trail when it came to the place where Pepe had turned off. "Hold up!" said the man and he pulled up his horse's head.

When the last sound of the hoofs died away, Pepe came back into the trail again. He did not relax in the saddle any more. He lifted the big rifle and swung the lever to throw a shell into the chamber, and then he let down the hammer to half cock.

THE trail grew very steep. Now the redwood trees were smaller and their tops were dead, bitten dead where the wind reached them. The horse plodded on; the sun went slowly overhead and started down toward the afternoon.

Where the stream came out of a side canyon, the trail left it. Pepe dismounted and watered his horse and filled up his water bag. As soon as the trail had parted from the stream, the trees were gone and only the thick brittle sage and manzanita and chaparral edged the trail. And the soft black earth was gone, too, leaving only the light tan broken rock for the trail bed. Lizards scampered away into the brush as the horse rattled over the little stones.

Pepe turned in his saddle and looked back. He was in the open now: he could

be seen from a distance. As he ascended the trail the country grew more rough and terrible and dry. The way wound about the bases of great square rocks. Little grey rabbits skittered in the brush. A bird made a monotonous high creaking. Eastward the bare rock mountaintops were pale and powder-dry under the dropping sun. The horse plodded up and up the trail toward a little V in the ridge which was the pass.

Pepe looked suspiciously back every minute or so, and his eyes sought the tops of the ridges ahead. Once, on a white barren spur, he saw a black figure for a moment, but he looked quickly away, for it was one of the dark watchers. No one knew who the watchers were, nor where they lived, but it was better to ignore them and never to show interest in them. They did not bother one who stayed on the trail and minded his own business.

The air was parched and full of light dust blown by the breeze from the eroding mountains. Pepe drank sparingly from his bag and corked it tightly and hung it on the horn again. The trail moved up the dry shale hillside, avoiding rocks, dropping under clefts, climbing in and out of old water scars. When he arrived at the little pass he stopped and looked back for a long time. No dark watchers were to be seen now. The trail behind was empty. Only the high tops of the redwoods indicated where the stream flowed.

Pepe rode on through the pass. His little eyes were nearly closed with weariness, but his face was stern, relentless and manly. The high mountain wind coasted sighing through the pass and whistled on the edges of the big blocks of broken granite. In the air, a red-tailed hawk sailed over close to the ridge and screamed angrily. Pepe went slowly through the broken jagged pass and looked down on the other side.

The trail dropped quickly, staggering among broken rock. At the bottom of the slope there was a dark crease, thick with brush, and on the other side of the crease a little flat, in which a grove of oak trees grew. A scar of green grass cut across the flat. And behind the flat another mountain rose, desolate with dead rocks and starving little black bushes. Pepe drank from the bag again for the air was so dry that it encrusted his nostrils and burned his lips. He put the horse down the trail. The hooves slipped and struggled on the steep way, starting little stones that rolled off into the brush. The sun was gone behind the westward mountain now, but still it glowed brilliantly on the oaks and on the grassy flat. The rocks and the hill-sides still sent up waves of the heat they had gathered from the day's sun.

Pepe looked up to the top of the next dry withered ridge. He saw a dark form against the sky, a man's figure standing on top of a rock, and he glanced away quickly not to appear curious. When a moment later he looked up again, the figure was gone.

Downward the trail was quickly covered. Sometimes the horse floundered for footing, sometimes set his feet and slid a little way. They came at last to the bottom where the dark chaparral was higher than Pepe's head. He held up his rifle on one side and his arm on the other to shield his face from the sharp brittle fingers of the brush.

UP and out of the crease he rode, and up a little cliff. The grassy flat was before him, and the round comfortable oaks. For a moment he studied the trail down which he had come, but there was no movement and no sound from it. Finally he rode out over the flat, to the green streak, and at the upper end of the damp he found a little spring welling out of the earth and dropping into a dug basin before it seeped out over the flat.

Pepe filled his bag first, and then he let the thirsty horse drink out of the pool. He led the horse to the clump of oaks, and in the middle of the grove, fairly protected from sight on all sides, he took off the saddle and the bridle and laid them on the ground. The horse stretched his jaws sideways and yawned. Pepe knotted the lead rope about the horse's neck and tied him to a sapling among the oaks, where he could graze in a fairly large circle.

When the horse was gnawing hungrily at the dry grass, Pepe went to the saddle and took a black string of jerky from the sack and strolled to an oak tree on the edge of the grove, from under which he could watch the trail. He sat down in the crisp dry oak leaves and automatically felt for his big black knife to cut the jerky, but he had no knife. He leaned back on his elbow and gnawed at the tough strong meat. His face was blank, but it was a man's face.

The bright evening light washed the eastern ridge, but the valley was darkening. Doves flew down from the hills to the spring, and the quail came running out of the brush and joined them, calling clearly to one another.

Out of the corner of his eye Pepe saw a shadow grow out of the bushy crease. He turned his head slowly. A big spotted wildcat was creeping toward the spring, belly to the ground, moving like thought.

Pepe cocked his rifle and edged the muzzle slowly around. Then he looked apprehensively up the trail and dropped

the hammer again. From the ground behind him he picked an oak twig and threw it toward the spring. The quail flew up with a roar and the doves whistled away. The big cat stood up; for a long moment he looked at Pepe with cold, yellow eyes, and then fearlessly walked back into the gulch.

The dusk gathered quickly in the deep valley. Pepe muttered his prayers, put his head down on his arm and went instantly to sleep.

The moon came up and filled the valley with cold blue light, and the wind swept rustling down from the peaks. The owls worked up and down the slopes looking for rabbits. Down in the brush of the gulch a coyote gabbled. The oak trees whispered softly in the night breeze.

Pepe started up, listening. His horse had whinnied. The moon was just slipping behind the western ridge, leaving the valley in darkness behind it. Pepe sat tensely gripping his rifle. From far up the trail he heard an answering whinny and the crash of shod hooves on the broken rock. He jumped to his feet, ran to his horse and led it under the trees. He threw on the saddle and cinched it tight for the steep trail, caught the unwilling head and forced the bit into the mouth. He felt the saddle to make sure the water bag and the sack of jerky were there. Then he mounted and turned up the hill.

It was velvet dark. The horse found the entrance to the trail where it left the flat, and started up, stumbling and slipping on the rocks. Pepe's hand rose up to his head. His hat was gone. He had left it under the oak tree.

THE horse had struggled far up the trail when the first change of dawn came into the air, a steel greyness as light mixed thoroughly with dark. Gradually the sharp snagged edge of the ridge stood out above them, rotten granite tortured and eaten by the winds of time. Pepe had dropped his reins on the horn, leaving direction to the horse. The brush grabbed at his legs in the dark until one knee of his jeans was ripped.

Gradually the light flowed down over the ridge. The starved bushes and rocks stood out in the half light, strange and lonely in high perspective. Then there came warmth into the light. Pepe drew up and looked back, but he could see nothing in the darker valley below. The sky turned blue over the coming sun. In the waste of the mountainside, the poor dry brush grew only three feet high. Here and there, big outcroppings of unrotted granite stood up like mouldering houses. Pepe relaxed a little. He

About the Author



John Steinbeck is probably best known for his novel, *The Grapes of Wrath*, for which he won a Pulitzer Prize in 1940. A powerful story about migrant farmers, *The Grapes of Wrath* was subsequently

made into a fine film. More recent Steinbeck stories which have reached the screen are *The Red Pony* and *The Pearl*. Steinbeck was born in Salinas, Calif., and attended high school there. Like *Flight*, many of his stories are set along the California coast where he grew up.

drank from his water bag and bit off a piece of jerky. A single eagle flew over, high in the light.

Without warning Pepe's horse screamed and fell on its side. He was almost down before the rifle crash echoed up from the valley. From a hole behind the struggling shoulder, a stream of bright crimson blood pumped and stopped and pumped and stopped. The hooves threshed on the ground. Pepe lay half stunned beside the horse. He looked slowly down the hill. A piece of sage clipped off beside his head and another crash echoed up from side to side of the canyon. Pepe flung himself frantically behind a bush.

He crawled up the hill on his knees and one hand. His right hand held the rifle up off the ground and pushed it ahead of him. He moved with the instinctive care of an animal. Rapidly he wormed his way toward one of the big outcroppings of granite on the hill above him. Where the brush was high he doubled up and ran, but where the cover was slight he wriggled forward on his stomach, pushing the rifle ahead of him. In the last little distance there was no cover at all. Pepe poised and then he darted across the space and flashed around the corner of the rock.

He leaned panting against the stone. When his breath came easier he moved along behind the big rock until he came to a narrow split that offered a thin section of vision down the hill. Pepe lay on his stomach and pushed the rifle barrel through the slit and waited.

The sun reddened the western ridges now. Already the buzzards were settling down toward the place where the horse lay. A small brown bird scratched in the dead sage leaves directly in front of the rifle muzzle. The coasting eagle flew back toward the rising sun.

Pepe saw a little movement in the

brush far below. His grip tightened on the gun. A little brown doe stepped daintily out on the trail and crossed it and disappeared into the brush again.

For a long time Pepe waited. Far below he could see the little flat and the oak trees and the slash of green. Suddenly his eyes flashed back at the trail again. A quarter of a mile down there had been a quick movement in the chaparral. The rifle swung over. The front sight nestled in the V of the rear sight. Pepe studied for a moment and then raised the rear sight a notch. The little movement in the brush came again. The sight settled on it. Pepe squeezed the trigger. The explosion crashed down the mountain and up the other side, and came rattling back. The whole side of the slope grew still. No more movement. And then a white streak cut into the granite of the slit and a bullet whined away and a crash sounded up from below.

PEPE felt a sharp pain in his right hand. A sliver of granite was sticking out from between his first and second knuckles and the point protruded from his palm. Carefully he pulled out the sliver of stone. The wound bled evenly and gently. No vein nor artery was cut.

Pepe looked into a little dusty cave in the rock and gathered a handful of spider web, and he pressed the mass into the cut, plastering the soft web into the blood. The flow stopped almost at once.

The rifle was on the ground. Pepe picked it up, levered a new shell into the chamber. And then he slid into the brush on his stomach. Far to the right he crawled, and then up the hill, moving slowly and carefully, crawling to cover and resting and then crawling again.

In the mountains the sun is high in its arc before it penetrates the gorges. The hot face looked over the hill and brought instant heat with it. The white light beat on the rocks and reflected from them and rose up quivering from the earth again, and the rocks and bushes seemed to quiver behind the air.

Pepe crawled in the general direction of the ridge peak, zig-zagging for cover. The deep cut between his knuckles began to throb. He crawled close to a rattlesnake before he saw it, and when it raised its dry head and made a soft beginning whirr, he backed up and took another way. The quick grey lizards flashed in front of him, raising a tiny line of dust. He found another mass of spider web and pressed it against his throbbing hand.

Pepe was pushing the rifle with his left hand now. Little drops of sweat ran to the ends of his coarse black hair and

rolled down his cheeks. His lips and tongue were growing thick and heavy. His lips writhed to draw saliva into his mouth. His little dark eyes were uneasy and suspicious. Once when a grey lizard paused in front of him on the parched ground and turned its head sideways he crushed it flat with a stone.

When the sun slid past noon he had not gone a mile. He crawled exhaustedly a last hundred yards to a patch of high sharp manzanita, crawled desperately, and when the patch was reached he wriggled in among the tough gnarled trunks and dropped his head on his left arm. There was little shade in the meager brush, but there was cover and safety. Pepe went to sleep as he lay and the sun beat on his back. A few little birds hopped close to him and peered and hopped away. Pepe squirmed in his sleep and he raised and dropped his wounded hand again and again.

The sun went down behind the peaks and the cool evening came, and then the dark. A coyote yelled from the hillside. Pepe started awake and looked about with misty eyes. His hand was swollen and heavy; a little thread of pain ran up the inside of his arm and settled in a pocket in his armpit.

He peered about and then stood up, for the mountains were black and the moon had not yet risen. Pepe stood up in the dark. The coat of his father pressed on his arm. His tongue was swollen until it nearly filled his mouth. He wriggled out of the coat and dropped it in the brush, and then he struggled up the hill, falling over rocks and tearing his way through the brush. The rifle knocked against stones as he went. Little dry avalanches of gravel and shattered stone went whispering down the hill behind him.

After a while the old moon came up and showed the jagged ridge top ahead of him. By moonlight Pepe traveled more easily. He bent forward so that his throbbing arm hung away from his body. The journey uphill was made in dashes and rests, a frantic rush up a few yards and then a rest. The wind coasted down the slope rattling the dry stems of the bushes.

THE moon was at meridian when Pepe came at last to the sharp backbone of the ridge top. On the last hundred yards at the rise no soil had clung under the wearing winds. The way was on solid rock. He clambered to the top and looked down on the other side. There was a draw like the last below him, misty with moonlight, brushed with dry struggling sage and chaparral. On the other side the hill rose up sharply and at the top the jagged rotten teeth

of the mountain showed against the sky. At the bottom of the cut the brush was thick and dark.

Pepe stumbled down the hill. His throat was almost closed with thirst. At first he tried to run, but immediately he fell and rolled. After that he went more carefully.

The moon was just disappearing behind the mountains when he came to the bottom. He crawled into the heavy brush feeling with his fingers for water. There was no water in the bed of the stream, only damp earth. Pepe laid his gun down and scooped up a handful of mud and put it in his mouth, and then he spluttered and scraped the earth from his tongue with his fingers, for the mud drew at his mouth like a poultice. He dug a hole in the stream bed with his fingers, dug a little basin to catch water; but before it was very deep his head fell forward on the damp ground and he slept.

THE dawn came and the heat of the day fell on the earth, and still Pepe slept. Late in the afternoon his head jerked up. He looked slowly around. His eye were slits of wariness. Twenty feet away in the heavy brush a big tawny mountain lion stood looking at him. Its long thick tail waved gracefully, its ears were erect with interest, not laid back dangerously. The lion squatted down on its stomach and watched him.

Pepe looked at the hole he had dug in the earth. A half inch of muddy water had collected in the bottom. He tore the sleeve from his hurt arm, with his teeth ripped out a little square, soaked it in the water and put it in his mouth. Over and over he filled the cloth and sucked it.

Still the lion sat and watched him. The evening came down but there was no movement on the hills. No birds visited the dry bottom of the cut. Pepe looked occasionally at the lion. The eyes of the yellow beast dropped as though he were about to sleep. He yawned and his long thin red tongue curled out. Suddenly his head jerked around and his nostrils quivered. His big tail lashed. He stood up and slunk like a tawny shadow into the thick brush.

A moment later Pepe heard the sound, the faint far crash of horses' hooves on gravel. And he heard something else, a high whining yelp of a dog.

Pepe took his rifle in his left hand and he glided into the brush almost as quietly as the lion had. In the darkening evening he crouched up the hill toward the next ridge. Only when the dark came did he stand up. His energy was short. Once it was dark he fell over the rocks and slipped to his knees on the steep slope, but he moved on and on up the hill, climbing and scrabbling over the broken hillside.

WHEN he was far up toward the top, he lay down and slept for a little while. The withered moon, shining on his face, awakened him. He stood up and moved up the hill. Fifty yards away he stopped and turned back, for he had forgotten his rifle. He walked heavily down and poked about in the brush, but he could not find his gun. At last he lay down to rest. The pocket of pain in his armpit had grown more sharp. His arm seemed to swell out and fall with every heartbeat. There was no position lying down where the heavy arm did not press against his armpit.

With the effort of a hurt beast, Pepe got up and moved again toward the top of the ridge. He held his swollen arm away from his body with his left hand. Up the steep hill he dragged himself, a few steps and a rest, and a few more steps. At last he was nearing the top. The moon showed the uneven sharp back of it against the sky.

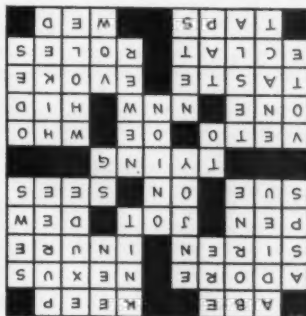
Pepe's brain spun in a big spiral up and away from him. He slumped to the ground and lay still. The rock ridge top was only a hundred feet above him.

The moon moved over the sky. Pepe half turned on his back. His tongue tried to make words, but only a thick hissing came from between his lips.

When the dawn came, Pepe pulled himself up. His eyes were sane again. He drew his great puffed arm in front of him and looked at the angry wound. The black line ran up from his wrist to his armpit.

Automatically he reached in his pocket for the big black knife, but it was not

Crossword Puzzle Answer



Sure, you can turn this upside down if you want to. But why peek and spoil your fun? Puzzle is on inside back cover of this issue.

there. His eyes searched the ground. He picked up a sharp blade of stone and scraped at the wound, sawed at the proud flesh and then squeezed the green juice out in big drops. Instantly he threw back this head and whined like a dog. His whole right side shuddered at the pain, but the pain cleared his head.

In the grey light he struggled up the last slope to the ridge and crawled over and lay down behind a line of rocks. Below him lay a deep canyon exactly like the last, waterless and desolate. There was no flat, no oak trees, not even heavy brush in the bottom of it. And on the other side a sharp ridge stood up, thinly brushed with starving sage, littered with broken granite. Strewed over the hill there were giant outcroppings, and on the top the granite teeth stood out against the sky.

The new day was light now. The flame of the sun came over the ridge and fell on Pepe where he lay on the ground. His coarse black hair was littered with twigs and bits of spider web. His eyes had retreated back into his head. Between his lips the tip of his black tongue showed.

He sat up and dragged his great arm into his lap and nursed it, rocking his body and moaning in his throat. He threw back his head and looked up into the pale sky. A big black bird circled nearly out of sight, and far to the left another was sailing near.

He lifted his head to listen, for a familiar sound had come to him from the valley he had climbed out of; it was the crying yelp of hounds, excited and feverish, on a trail.

PEPPE bowed his head quickly. He tried to speak rapid words but only a thick hiss came from his lips. He drew a shaky cross on his breast with his left hand. It was a long struggle to get to his feet. He crawled slowly and mechanically to the top of a big rock on the ridge peak. Once there, he arose slowly, swaying to his feet, and stood erect. Far below he could see the dark brush where he had slept. He braced his feet and stood there, black against the morning sky.

There came a ripping sound at his feet. A piece of stone flew up and a bullet droned off into the next gorge. The hollow crash echoed up from below. Pepe looked down for a moment and then pulled himself straight again.

His body jarred back. His left hand fluttered helplessly toward his breast. The second crash sounded from below. Pepe swung forward and toppled from the rock. His body struck and rolled over and over, starting a little avalanche. And when at last he stopped against a bush, the avalanche slid slowly down and covered up his head.

Letter Contest

THIS MONTH'S prize-winning letter was written by Gordon E. Hartzell, of Lodi (Ohio) H.S. Gordon's favorite feature in the March issue of *Literary Cavalcade* was Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s "All the King's Horses," a story that was a favorite with many of our readers. Gordon will receive a current best-selling book of his choice, inscribed for assembly presentation.

Our congratulations to Gordon and to those runners-up whose interesting letters also deserve publication.

Dear Editor:

Ever since reading "Thanasphere," in the November issue of *Literary Cavalcade*, I have thought Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., a very talented author. Now that I have read "All the King's Horses," I am convinced that he is one of the outstanding authors of today.

Never have I read a story of such suspense. The very idea of a "human" chess game is enough to give the story a terrific plot, but the addition of human relationships and feelings creates an atmosphere of spine-tingling suspense. While reading the story, I felt as if I were in the shoes of Col. Kelly. I felt the tension that mounted as the game progressed. And when Kelly was forced to make that great decision, I felt as if I had to make the same decision.

Gordon E. Hartzell
Lodi (Ohio) H.S.

Dear Editor:

"The Great Escape," the TV play in your March issue, held my interest all the way through, and the illustrations from Lt. Paul Brickhill's book helped me to visualize the setting.

I like war stories and experiences, especially when they give a true picture of the feelings of the men involved as "The Great Escape" does. My parents saw the play on TV and enjoyed it very much.

Meriel Nielsen
Montpelier (Idaho) H.S.

• • •

Dear Editor:

Of all the features in the March issue, I liked "Big Moment," the short story by Charles Einstein, the best. It gave a fine portrait of a father who liked to re-tell old jokes and of his patient and faithful audience—his immediate family.

The fact that the father's ingenuity turned his almost disastrous moment on stage into a profitable idea for his business showed that although things may not turn out as we hope, they sometimes happen for the best.

Katherine Churchill Tracy's illustration excellently depicted the enthusiasm of the two comedians, the weariness of the mother, and the eager anticipation of the boy.

Ada Ishkanian
Chelsea (Mass.) H.S.

RECENT BOOKS WORTH READING

CITY OF FROZEN FIRE, by Vaughan Wilkins. Macmillan. \$3. A suspense-packed novel that has been described as a "second *Treasure Island*." The hero is an English boy whose adventures take him to a lost island where he battles with as villainous a crew of pirates as ever terrorized the Spanish Main.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAN, by Ray Bradbury. Doubleday. \$3. Readers who enjoyed *The Martian Chronicles* won't want to miss this new collection of science-fiction tales by the inventive Mr. Bradbury. Bradbury's rich imagination and the individuality of his style place him in the best Edgar Allan Poe tradition.

THE SHORT STORIES OF WILLIAM FAULKNER. Random House. \$4.75. A collection of the best short stories by the winner of this year's Nobel prize for literature. Faulkner's inspiring literary credo appeared in the February issue of *Literary Cavalcade*.

EAST OF HOME, by Santha Rama Rau. Harpers. \$3. The niece of India's Sir Benegal Rau writes of a recent trip to the Far East. Her thought-provoking comments on Japan and China are of special interest, for Santha is in a position to understand both the East and West.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, by Cecil Woodham-Smith. McGraw-Hill. \$4.50. One of the best biographies of the year. The biographer squashes the popular impression that Florence Nightingale was a meek saint-like creature in presenting her as a witty, temperamental, and incredibly energetic woman.

LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON, edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. World. \$3.75. These letters from the sensitive and witty pen of one of our greatest poets offer an intimate glimpse of a bold, gay, and irrepressibly individual person.

What Do You Remember?

A Quiz Based on the Contents of This Issue

The New Man

Anton learns the hard way that, in America, knives are generally used on *things* not *people*. The following choice questions are based on the story. In the space opposite each letter, write the number of the correct answer.

- ___a. A screed is a
1. concrete mixer; 2. stone crusher; 3. rake used in leveling off freshly placed concrete
- ___b. It is operated by
1. one man; 2. two men; 3. three men.
- ___c. If it's not moved at a uniform pace
1. there's likely to be a fight
2. the mixture will get lumpy
3. the concrete will pile up on one side
- ___d. The first sign that Anton is beginning to like Stan comes when the former
1. models himself on Stan
2. throws his knife away
3. follows Stan home from work

Training the Big Cats

This essay probably straightened out a number of misconceptions *you* had about wild animals and their training. Write T if a statement's true, F if it's false.

- ___1. An operation has to be performed on a wild animal to make it gentle.
- ___2. With the proper trainer, a wild animal can be tamed.
- ___3. An animal is instinctively afraid of a stranger.
- ___4. The trainer rarely beats an animal.
- ___5. Bottle-fed animals are harder to train.
- ___6. An animal will come to the defense of a trainer who has been attacked by another animal.

Goodbye, My Fancy

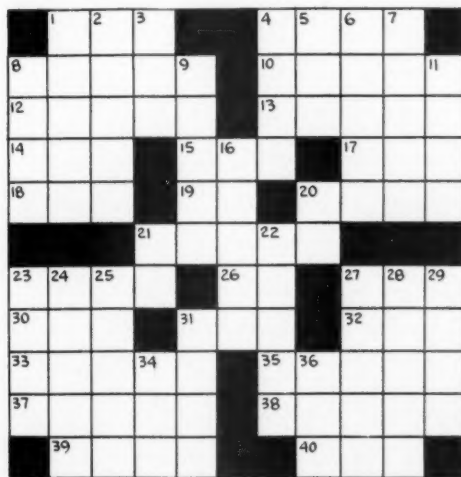
A good playwright relies chiefly on dialogue to reveal character. Fay Kanin, whose stage play is herewith adapted for the screen, has successfully "passed" this test of the playwright's skill. Below are five revealing comments made by her characters. Who said what? Match comments with "commentators."

- ___a. "This is a lost world up here. And Merrill's the perfect president for it."
- ___b. "I have the dangerous misconception that the object of education is to teach the young to think. The Griswolds don't agree. They're afraid of too much open and free discussion."
- ___c. "Why should I stand up there and let them hand me a diploma when I know it doesn't mean anything?"
- ___d. "Now don't let him give you the impression that education doesn't pay. . . . I know. I sign the checks."
- ___e. ". . . I've learned to compromise. I give in on smaller issues so I can win on the larger ones."
1. Agatha, 2. Dr. Pitt, 3. Matt Cole, 4. Ginny, 5. Dr. Merrill, 6. Claude Griswold

Answers in Teacher Lesson Plan

For Word Detectives

● There are 48 words in this puzzle. The words starred with an asterisk (*) are ones commonly misspelled. See how many of these starred words (there are 19) you can get. Allow yourself four points for each starred word and one point for each of the others. If you get all the starred words, give yourself a bonus of 5 points for a total score of 110. Answers are on page 31, but don't look now. Wait until you have completed the puzzle. Why spoil your fun?



ACROSS

1. Honest — Lincoln.
4. Retain.
- * 8. This word literally means "to kiss in worship."
- * 10. Meaning "a tie or bond"; from root which also gives us "connection."
- * 12. This alluring woman was in Homer's *Odyssey*.
13. Accustom to something hard.
- * 14. This writing instrument comes from the Latin word for "feather."
- * 15. This word for a "short notation" is a contraction of "iota," smallest letter in the Greek alphabet.
17. Condensed moisture.
- * 18. When you take court action, you literally follow someone legally.
19. Above.
20. Observes.
21. Binding.
- * 23. This was used by the Roman tribune to block legislation.
26. "Old English" (abbr.).
27. Which person?
- * 30. See 16 Down.
31. Abbrev. for "North Northwest."
32. Concealed.
- * 33. When you "test the flavor of some food" you are literally "touching" it with your tongue.
35. Call forth.
- * 37. From the French, "a brilliant success."
38. Parts in a play.
39. Saddest bugle call.
40. Married.

DOWN

- * 1. When you say farewell with this word, you trust the person "— (see 21 Down) God."
2. Carried.
- * 3. Poetic word for "Before."
- * 4. This word meaning "a kind of weave" has the same origin as "knot."
5. Contraction of "even."
6. Ooze out from the pores.
7. A thick soup.
- * 8. These poisonous snakes are at the root of the word "aspic," a meat jelly.
- * 9. This word literally means "to take joy in."
11. Mends with a needle.
- * 16. This tear-jerking vegetable has the same origin as 30 Across.
20. Abbrev. for "specific gravity."
- * 21. See 1 Down for another clue to this word meaning "in the direction of."
22. More recent.
- * 23. This word meaning to "cast a ballot" has the same origin as 36 Down.
24. Make into law.
25. Serbian-American inventor who discovered a coil named after him.
- * 27. This word meaning "all" has the same origin as "hale" since it also means unharmed.
28. Took a long walk.
29. Serious poems.
31. Used by fishermen.
34. Hit lightly.
- * 36. This word means to "pledge" (see 23 Down).

Chucklebait



A REALLY absorbing book, one of the most interesting we've stumbled across in a long time, is *Circus Doctor*, by J. Y. Henderson. Dr. Henderson, chief veterinarian of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus, raises a flap of the "Big Top" to let us in behind the scenes of a fascinating world. You'll find a chapter, "Training the Big Cats," in this issue of *Literary Cavalcade*.

Anyhow, here are a couple of circus stories we heard recently.

Seems there was once a lady lion tamer who was really good. The "stopper" of her show came when she put a lump of sugar in her mouth and the fiercest lion ambled over on cue to take the lump of sugar from her mouth. This always brought the house down. On the day we're talking about a heckler among the spectators shouted over and over again, "Anybody can do that."

Finally the ringmaster walked over and sarcastically asked the heckler:

"Would you dare to do it?"

The customer began to make his way into the ring.

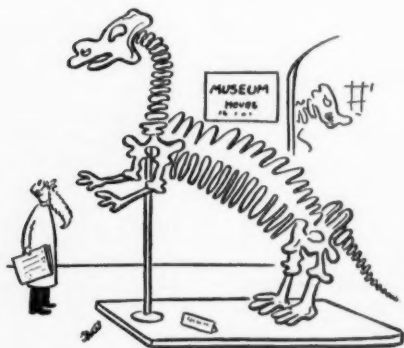
"I can do it as well as the lion can," he shot back.

Tough Hombre

On the subject of wild beasts, there is the story of the argument between the circus husband and wife team which had an animal act. The husband, about to lose his temper, warned his wife:

"Careful, you'll bring out the beast in me!"

"Go ahead," the wife sneered. "Who's afraid of mice?"



From Saturday Review of Literature
"This is the fifth time this week
you've turned up in a crossword puzzle."

The Russians, we are told, love circuses, but clowns in Russia have their troubles. You have to be careful how you kid the spectators. At one performance a star clown walked out into the ring, bowed to the first row of spectators in the expensive seats and said, "Good evening, Comrades."

Then our friend the clown bowed to those in the less expensive seats, saying, "Good evening, Citizens!"

Then the clown waved pleasantly to the gallery and said: "Good evening, Proletarians, I see you are always in your places."

Epilogue: The clown had a hard time trying to be funny in Siberia.

Dogs versus Men

In *Circus Doctor*, Dr. Henderson quotes one of Mark Twain's quips: "If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man."

Mark Twain's deep knowledge of human nature—although it was sometimes bitter and cynical—was revealed in many of his polished gems of wit. Among the best of them are:

"Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example."

"There isn't a Parallel of Latitude but thinks it would have been the Equator if it had had its rights."

Mark Twain's crack about dogs reminds us of a story about Thomas A. Edison. At his wife's urging, the inventor—somewhat reluctantly—attended a brilliant social event. It was "Mr. Edison this" and "Mr. Edison that" until the inventor escaped his admirers long enough to sit quietly by himself in a corner. A friend noticed that Edison kept looking at his watch. Drawing near, he heard the inventor sigh deeply and murmur to himself: "If there were only a dog here."

From the Hollywoods

There's a new Hollywood story making the rounds. Seems a producer was reading the script of a movie that was set in early England. As he read he became more and more concerned with the frequent use in the dialogue of the expressions, "Yes, sire," and "No, sire."

Finally the producer summoned the author of the script on the intercom system. While the author stood nervously on the thick-piled carpet before the producer's desk, the great man leveled a long pencil at the miserable writer and asked:

"This story is supposed to have happened a long time ago, isn't it?"

The writer admitted that the producer was absolutely correct.

"Well, then," the producer demanded, "why do you use all this modern slang, 'Yes, siree,' and 'No, siree'?"

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